

# The TATLER

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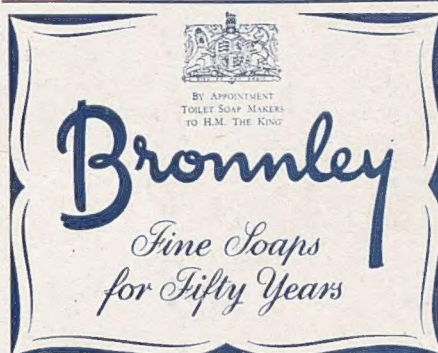
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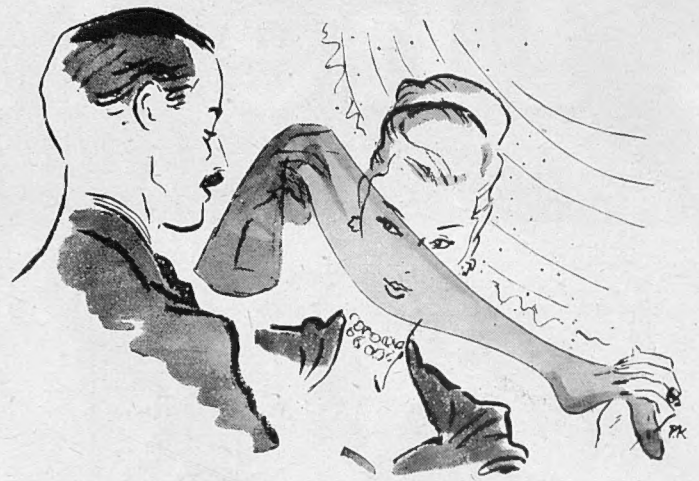


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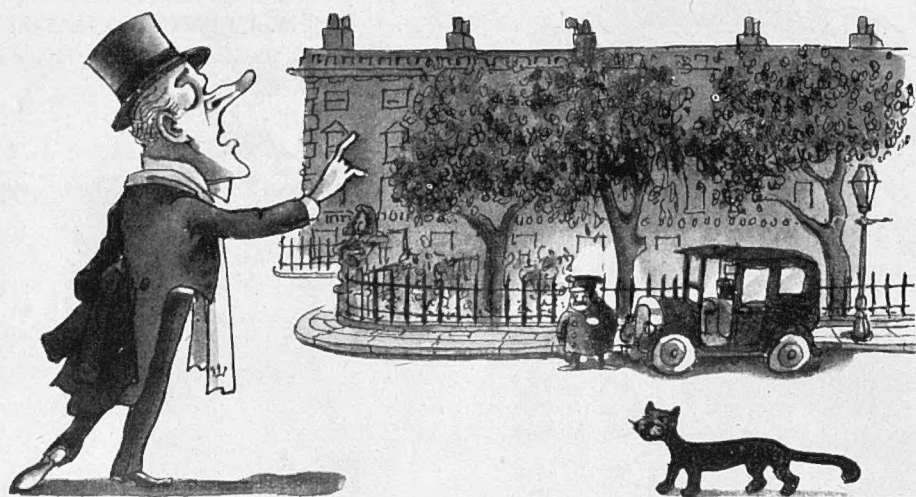


F. J. Goodman

**TO BE "MRS. FITZHERBERT" IN A NEW FILM**

Joyce Howard, who was a scholarship student of the R.A.D.A., is one of the rising lights of British films. After a series of rather sweet and pretty roles she revealed herself in "Appointment With Crime" as a talented dramatic actress. She will portray Mrs. Fitzherbert in a new British picture, "Princess Fitz"





Decorations by Wysard

Sean Fielding

## Portraits in Print

I WISH to speak about Little Joe. He for forty years has been the elder and senior night taxi-driver in this city of London—a considerable distinction in his profession; he will not be seen at the wheel of his hackney-carriage again. In the cabmen's shelters there now hangs a boldly printed notice which reads: "Appeal for the benefit of Mr. Joe Ambridge who requires a little assistance in consequence of the following circumstances—viz. having been laid up some considerable time which has placed him in straitened circumstances and will not drive a cab again."

We may be quite sure that his brethren will rally round, for Little Joe is much loved, he being a Character, a wizened apple of a man with a vastly greater knowledge of these parts than most citizens and a man very proud indeed of his singular and unique intimacy (the phrase is his) "with the night life of the nobility and gentry."

He had, also, a special liking for Fleet Street men, a rum lot by any standards but whom Little Joe holds to be persons of knowledge and discernment. He never stated in what precise fields these two qualities were best displayed—which I find wholly understandable—but his view was nevertheless emphatic. Perhaps, in his bones, Little Joe felt that there was an affinity between cabbies and the inhabitants of the village of Fleet Street.

### The Captain Experiments

IT was, after all, a near-journalist—one "Gossip" Garrard—who recorded the innovation of the hackney-carriage. This Garrard did on the 1st of April, 1639, in a letter to Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, then Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, saying: "I cannot omit to mention any new thing that comes up amongst us, though never so trivial. Here is one, Capt. Bailly; he hath been a sea-captain, but now lives on the land, about this city,

where he tries experiments. He hath erected, according to his ability, some four hackney-coaches, put his men in livery and appointed them to stand at the Maypole in the Strand, giving them instructions at what rate to carry men into several parts of the town, where all day they may be had. Other hackney men seeing this way, they flocked to the same place and performed their journeys at the same rate; so that sometimes there is twenty of them together, which disperse up and down, that they and others are to be had everywhere, as watermen are to be had at the waterside. Everybody is much pleased with it; for whereas before coaches could not be had but at great rates, now a man may have one much cheaper."

No doubt Capt. Bailly found himself on a good thing. Not every retired seafaring man hits up such an obvious winner. But I doubt whether "Gossip" Garrard was correct in saying that *everybody* was pleased with the new and convenient system of metropolitan carriages. The shopkeepers, for example, had some very hard words to say in the matter and claimed that they were being ruined. "Formerly," they said, "when ladies and gentlemen walked in the streets, there was a chance of obtaining customers to inspect and purchase our commodities; but now they whisk past in the coaches before our apprentices have time to cry out 'What d'ye lack?'"

One need not have a specially acute ear to catch a familiar note about all this, or, for that matter, in the lamentations of the self-styled "king's water-poet and the queen's water-man," John Taylor (1580-1653). This coarse old rhymester, who fulfilled his apprenticeship as a waterman, was present at Flores and at the siege of Cadiz and thereafter became the best known Thames waterman of his day, was exceedingly bitter against the hackney-carriages and claimed that he and

his fellow professionals were being put out of business without a doubt. In "The Thief" he says:

Carroches, coaches, jades and Flanders mares,  
Do rob us of our shares, our wares, our fares;  
Against the ground we stand and knock our  
heels,

Whilst all our profit runs away on wheels.

### Dins, Ancient and Modern

OUR friend Little Joe will often have passed the spot where Taylor was buried—St. Martin-in-the-Fields—and have driven down Long Acre where Taylor, his days as a waterman ended, kept a public-house; not, it may be added, before loosing off this fine broadside: "I pray you but note the streets, and the chambers and lodgings in Fleet Street or the Strand, how they are pestered with coaches, especially after a masque or play at the court, where even the very earth shakes and trembles, and casements shatter, tatter and clatter, and such a confused noise is made, as if all the devils were at barley-break, so that a man can neither sleep, speak, hear, write, or eat his dinner or supper quiet for them; besides, their tumbling din (like a counterfeit thunder) doth sour wine, beer and ale most abominably, to the impairing of their healths that drink it."

The "tumbling din like a counterfeit thunder" which is currently souring our wine is not being made by coaches, horse-drawn or otherwise; it is coming from the gentlemen who have been (and still are) gratuitously reading the last rites over the British Empire and from those clangorously assailing the emigration counters for tickets wherewith to leave this island.

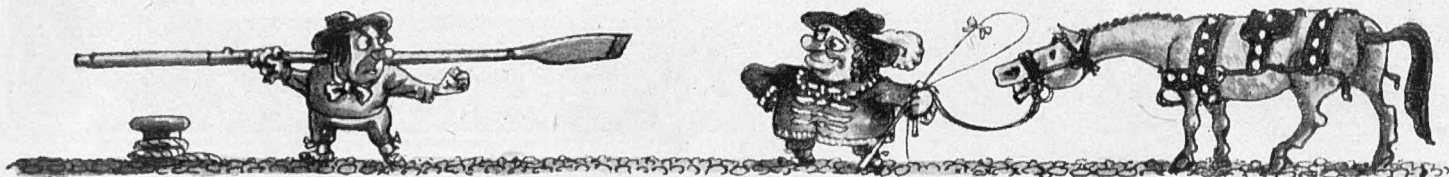
Nothing much can be done about the first of these; they are at once indulging in the exercise of freedom of speech and giving vent to some premature keening. For them the body is already in the bag, and it is no concern of ours if presently the corpse rises up and strikes them mightily upon the nose. As to the second, those of so little faith, let them go for we can well do without them, and the ship will smell the sweeter for their departure. In going they might each be presented with a small (but well-printed and displayed) card to hang above their new-found beds; it would bear Oliver Cromwell's epic words of dismissal, "How can you be a parliament for God's people? Depart, I say, and let us have done with you. Go!"

### Parr's Preface

UPON which note we might now turn our attention—if for no other reason than to let our bile simmer down a trifle—to that cheery old duffer, Dr. Samuel Parr. You can be your own judge of his writings (he died in 1825) but he does not allow you to be under any misapprehension as to his own views in the matter.

Successively an assistant at Harrow School and the proprietor of an academy at Stanmore, he was at the basis a schoolmaster although he spent the better part of his life as a perpetual curate at Hatton and even attained the dignity of a prebendal stall in St. Paul's.

Soon after setting up in Stanmore he married, but the union was not a happy one seemingly since it was remarked that Parr had wanted a housekeeper and the lady had wanted a house. His habits certainly were odd; he would sometimes ride in prelatial pomp through the streets on a black saddle,





bearing in his hand a long cane, or wand, with an ivory head like a crosier. At other times he was seen stalking through the town in a dirty striped morning gown.

In 1787 Parr published, in conjunction with his friend, the Rev. Henry Homer, a new edition of *Bellendenus De Statu*. Bellenden, a Scotsman, was a professor in Latin at the University of Paris and had written a work, in three parts, entitled *De Statu Principis*, *De Statu Republicae* and *De Statu Prisci Orbis*. Parr's new edition was dedicated to Edmund Burke, Lord North and Charles James Fox with appreciations of those statesmen from Parr's own pen in the form of a preface.

And hereabouts we really discover Parr. Having completed the preface, he writes to the Rev. Homer thus:

"What will you say, or rather, what shall I say myself, of myself? It is now ten o'clock at night, and I am smoking a quiet pipe after a most vehement and, I think, a most splendid effort of composition—an effort it was indeed, a mighty and a glorious effort; for the object of it is to lift up Burke to the pinnacle where

he ought to have been placed before, and to drag down Lord Chatham from that eminence to which the cowardice of his hearers, and credulity of the public, had most weakly and most undeservedly exalted the impostor and father of impostors.

#### Panegyric

"READ it, dear Harry; read it, I say, aloud; read it again and again; and when your tongue has turned its edge from me to the father of Mr. Pitt, when your ears tingle and ring with my sonorous periods, when your heart glows and beats with the fond and triumphant remembrance of Edmund Burke—then dear Homer, you will forgive me, you will love me, you will congratulate me, and readily will you take upon yourself the trouble of printing what in writing has cost me much greater though no longer trouble.

"Old boy, I tell you that no part of the Preface is better conceived, or better written; none will be read more eagerly, or felt by those whom you wish to feel it, more severely.

"Old boy, old boy, it is a stinger. . . ."



Prince Nakhatra, the Siamese Minister in London, and the Princess

## THE COURT OF ST. JAMES'S

ON the day the British and Siamese Governments announced the decision to raise the status of their legations, I called to congratulate the Minister in charge of the Embassy in Kensington. To the outside world the change from legation may mean little, but to the junior country and its envoy, the honour is of real importance.

Smiling, jovial, philosophic, His Excellency Prince Nakhatra Mangala Kitiyakara, son of H.R.H. Prince Kitiyakara of Chandaburi, for many years Minister of Finance, knows this country intimately. And, at the age of twelve to fifteen, he played football and cricket for his school at St. Leonards.

He began his travels at twelve, reaching Britain after a journey that included Saigon, Hongkong, Shanghai, Nagasaki, and the length of Siberia. His military career opened at the French Sandhurst, St. Cyr, continued successfully until 1932. Following the revolution, he gave up his post of deputy chief of the general staff, turned to diplomacy, and went to Washington as First Secretary. After three years, a little while before the abdication of King Prajadhipok, whom he had served as equerry in 1920-23, the Prince resigned. The subsequent years in Siam were for him and his family uneventful. He refused requests from the authorities to help during the Japanese occupation. But, last April, he gladly consented to assume the mission to St. James's, as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary.

STRATEGICALLY and economically valuable Siam's politics have been mixed. Today the situation is, for us, more satisfactory. A non-aggression pact with us in June, 1940, was followed by a "peace" convention with Japan in the critical month of May, 1941. Their ten-year alliance startled us seven months later, and a declaration of war in the succeeding month was a bitter draught.

Towards the steady steps for the re-establishment of friendship that may now be witnessed, the Minister has a valuable ally in the First Secretary. For Luang (that is the title) Bhadravadi is a popular figure, known to many of us since 1929. When Siam's rulers chose to help Japan, Bhadravadi and junior members of the Legation determined to remain here, in the beleaguered fortress. They joined the Free Siamese movement, initiated by the Minister accredited to Washington. In Burma and elsewhere in Asia, Bhadravadi, doctor of civil law of the University of Poitiers, served the Allies with a frank smile, conspicuous courage and stern friendship. As a major in the British Army he gave proof of the loyalty to our cause of many Siamese intellectuals. Like his chief, Bhadravadi speaks our thoughts and likes our ways.

BRITISH literary "stars" shone in the Chilean Embassy, at the reception for the president of the P.E.N. Club, Chile, Senor Don Ricardo Latcham, given by the Ambassador and the beautiful Mme Bianchi. Members of the diplomatic corps from Latin America discussed with Dr. Bianchi the anxieties of so many countries to share control of territory at the "foot" of the earth.

Only a few feet away from the newly arrived Argentine Ambassador, a distinguished professor of civil law, Senor Dr. Don Ricardo de Labougle, and Mme de Labougle, stood Dr. Juan Negrin. Dr. Negrin, General Franco's predecessor as Premier of Spain, is not often remembered as a professor of biology. He has been in France, and is now going to the United States.



## A DANISH ROYAL ENGAGEMENT

H.R.H. Prince Jacques of Bourbon-Parma, who was a naval aviator during the war, has recently become engaged to Countess Birgitte Holstein-Ledreborg, a daughter of Count Joseph Holstein-Ledreborg and the Swedish Countess Christina Hamilton. Prince Jacques, who is twenty-five, is the son of Prince Rene of Bourbon-Parma and Princess Margrethe of Denmark, who celebrated their silver wedding last spring. The Prince is now a pilot of the Danish air line. Countess Birgitte worked with the Danish Resistance and was at one time imprisoned by the Gestapo.

George Bilainkin.





## SHOW GUIDE

### Straight Plays

**Jane** (Aldwych). Comedy from Somerset Maugham's short story, with Yvonne Arnaud, Ronald Squire, Irene Brown and Charles Victor.

**She Wanted a Cream Front Door** (Apollo). Robertson Hare and Peter Haddon romp gaily through the intricacies of the divorce court.

**The Man From the Ministry** (Comedy). Very slick topical comedy with Clifford Mollison and Beryl Mason.

**The Guinea Pig** (Criterion). Humour and serious thought based on the Fleming Report on public schools. Excellent acting in a first-rate play.

**The White Devil** (Duchess). Robert Helpmann and Margaret Rawlings in a magnificently acted and produced revival of Webster's tragedy.

**The Anonymous Lover** (Duke of York's). Valerie Taylor, Hugh Sinclair and Ambrosine Phillpotts deal dexterously with some amusing marital mix-ups.

**Fools Rush In** (Fortune). Joyce Barbour, Bernard Lee, Brenda Bruce and Nigel Patrick in another amusing story of the *Quiet Wedding* type.

**Born Yesterday** (Garrick). Hartley Power and Yolande Donlan in Laurence Olivier's production of this fast-moving American comedy.

**The Eagle Has Two Heads** (Haymarket). Transfers to the Globe, April 14. Jean Cocteau's drama with magnificent performances by Eileen Herlie as the queen of a remote country, and James Donald as her lover. This is theatre in the grand style.

**The Winslow Boy** (Lyric). Terence Rattigan's fine play on the Archer-Shee case with Angela Baddeley, Frank Cellier and Emlin Williams.

**The Old Vic Theatre Company** (New) in *Cyrano de Bergerac*, *The Alchemist*, and *An Inspector Calls*, with Sir Ralph Richardson, Nicholas Hannen, Margaret Leighton, Joyce Redman and Alec Guinness. **Othello** and **Candida** (Piccadilly). Jack Hawkins, Fay Compton, Anthony Quayle and Morland Graham with an excellent company in a revival of these two famous plays.

**Peace Comes to Peckham** (Princes). R. F. Delderfield's new comedy deals with the impact on Peckham of two returned evacuees from America. Most ably acted by Bertha Belmore, Leslie Dwyer and an enthusiastic cast.

**The Shop at Sly Corner** (St. Martin's). Arthur Young and Victoria Hopper in a thriller with an unusual ending.

**Fifty-Fifty** (Strand). A farce about a factory run by the workers in the form of the House of Commons, with Harry Green and Frank Pettingel.

**Now Barabbas** (Vaudeville). Brilliant acting in this moving and original play about prison life.

**No Room At The Inn** (Winter Garden). Freda Jackson as a sadistic woman in charge of evacuees. Powerful acting in a powerful play.

**Clutterbuck** (Wyndham's). Basil Radford, Naunton Wayne, Patricia Burke and Constance Cummings on a cruise which ends in amusing complications.

### With Music

**Sweetest and Lowest** (Ambassadors). Hermione Gingold, Henry Kendall, deliciously malicious as ever.

**The Dancing Years** (Casino). Ivor Novello's famous musical romance revived with Barry Sinclair as the Viennese composer. A colourful production, and the evergreen music of this piece makes it as pleasant entertainment as ever.

**Snow White** (Coliseum). The stage version of this fairy tale with the tuneful music of the film is a show for both young and old.

**Pacific 1860** (Drury Lane). Noel Coward's new operetta with Mary Martin. The Coward touch is, as always, tuneful, accomplished and spectacular.

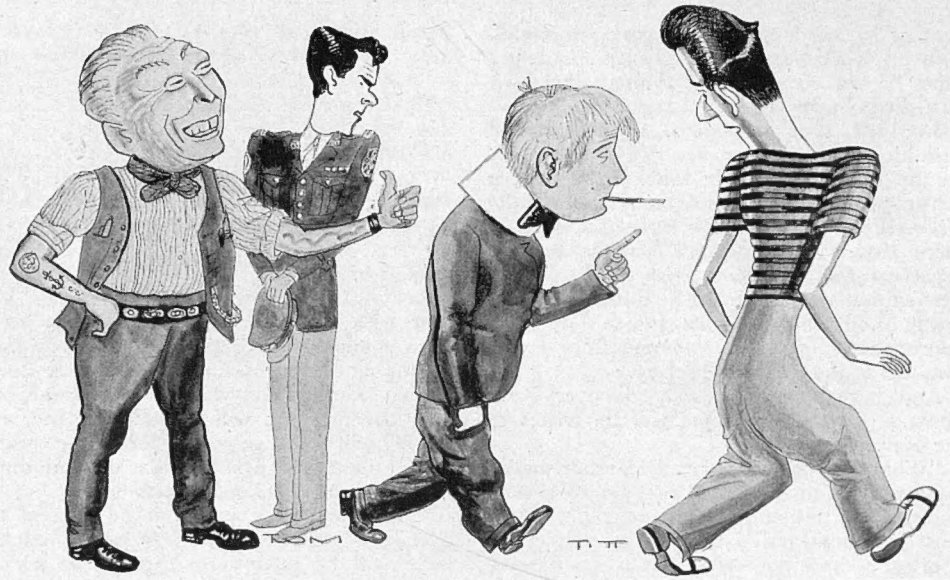
**Perchance to Dream** (Hippodrome). Music and romance in the Novello manner with Ivor Novello and Roma Beaumont.

**Romany Love** (His Majesty's). Melville Cooper and Helena Bliss from America are the leading singers in this most pleasing operatic comedy in the grand tradition.

**Song of Norway** (Palace). Operatic version of the life of Grieg. Music, spectacle and ballet and some fine singing.

**Under the Counter** (Phoenix). Cicely Courtneidge blithely dealing in the Black Market, ably assisted by Cyril Raymond and Thorley Walters.

**Piccadilly Hayride** (Prince of Wales). Sid Field in person at the top of a great supporting cast.



**George Palfrey** (Leslie Dwyer) a father whose bark is worse than his bite, **Huck Kauffman** (Jefferson Searles) a rather bashful ally from over the water, and **'Ernie Gilpin** (Peter Scott) who has a thing or two to say to **Harry Palfrey** (Lionel Blair) about his un-British behaviour

## At the

### "Peace Comes to

It is mildly disconcerting to come across this warm-hearted little comedy of the backyard, so well suited to the intimacy of the Embassy Theatre at Swiss Cottage, where it first appeared, in spacious surroundings more readily associated with song and dance than with the ups and downs of personal relationships. And you may think at first that Mr. Firth Shephard's experiment in theatrical perspective is going to fail. Happily, the fear is soon dispelled.

The young adults, as children evacuated to America, returning with the American outlook to battle-scarred Mafeking Street, and the blitz-toughened parents and neighbours who welcome them home without the slightest misgivings, have in the beginning the remoteness of marionettes and are heard only with difficulty; but as the comedy broadens and the story gets into its swing the actors gradually swell to life-size, and all is well.

ALL is well, that is to say, if you do not mind seeing a ticklish human problem hilariously melted away in a rather treacly solution which the author, in all good faith to be sure, represents as human nature in general and Cockney nature in particular. Harry and Gloria, with American accents and American clothes, have also acquired an American belief in the natural boundlessness of opportunity. They are up against it in Peckham, which is still rubbing its wounds and discussing bombs with the excusable relish of a bit of London which has known how to "take it."

Harry wants a course of engineering, an ambition which confounds his makeshift father, and Gloria's sophistication has much the same effect on her old sweetheart, who has won the George Cross but shrinks in dismay from a girl who talks and behaves as



The course of true love certainly has its ups and downs with fireman **Frank Gilpin** (John Wynn) and **Gloria Palfrey** (Diana Decker), who finds England a second string to America





*His Invalid Wife* (Ella Retford), looks well after George Palfrey's interests, and believes in keeping a bright face on things. Nurse Ironside (Bertha Belmore) does too, but from a somewhat Puritanical angle

## Theatre

### "Peckham" (Princes)

though she were a film star. The birds, though still unfledged, no longer belong to the nest.

THAT is the problem, and Mr. Delderfield turns it to slick and effective broad comedy. All concerned have hearts of gold; otherwise none of them would get out of the difficulties into which they blunder. A terrible small boy who will do nothing without payment, and usually double-crosses his employer, trails clouds of glory from the blitz. So does the feckless father. Even the American soldier who comes to woo Gloria and stays to marry her stay-at-home sister, is the straightest of good fellows. And Gloria's mother who has been seriously injured by a bomb conceals the fact from her children.

Why she does so we cannot tell until the children, hearing of their mother's condition at second hand, at once drop all their high-flown American ideas and become what Queen Elizabeth delighted to call herself "mere English." But we are in such a high good humour by this time that we should be disappointed if it did not all end quite happily; and, thanks again to the mother's capacity for keeping a secret, we are not disappointed.

THE pleasantness of the comedy lies, not in its truth to human nature, but in its truth to the externals of Cockney life. Mr. Delderfield knows how the Cockney lives and how he talks; and very deftly he weaves the talk into situations that are comic, gallant and touching. Mr. Leslie Dwyer, as the father of the evacuated children, is a new comedian of quality, and the rest of the cast, led by Miss Ella Retford as the charmingly secretive mother, give an excellent performance.

ANTHONY COOKMAN



*Lt. Kauffman* (Jefferson Searles) changes his mind once or twice, but gets the right girl in the end in the shape of *Grace Palfrey* (Myrtle Reed)

## BACKSTAGE



THE long run of *Song of Norway* is nearing its end at the Palace and in May it will be followed by *The Red Mill*, one of the many operettas which remind us that Victor Herbert, who died twenty-two years ago, was one of the best composers ever to adorn the lighter stage in America. *The Red Mill* has a delightful score. The recent revival in New York has been a great success. Over here the principal comedy parts will be played by Jewell and Warriss. I have never understood why so few of Dublin-born Herbert's works have been heard in England. Everyone is familiar with his "Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life" and filmgoers have raved over the screen version of *Naughty Marietta*. And with delight I recall *The Only Girl* in which Fay Compton appeared early in the first World War.

Which reminds me. How many playgoers have recognized in Victor Herbert's *Romany Love*, at His Majesty's, *The Fortune Teller* which was produced as long ago as 1901 at the Shaftesbury, introducing the now forgotten Broadway star Mabelle Gillman?

REHEARSALS for *Bless the Bride*, the new A. P. Herbert-Vivian Ellis light opera which opens in the West End at the end of April are shaping well, C. B. Cochran tells me. He has high hopes of Georges Guetary, the handsome young French actor who will be leading man, and of Lisbeth Webb, the charming young newcomer who made a big success in *Big Ben*. She is twenty when the curtain rises on the lawn of an English ancestral home and a year older at the end of the story. Betty Paul has the role of a French actress visiting the Princesses Theatre—the period is 1871—and there are important parts for Anona Winn, James Harcourt and Brian Reece.

Among the outstanding numbers are two duets, "I was never kissed before" and "This is a lovely day," and individual songs include "La Belle Marguerita," "Table for Two" and "Duckie."

Tania Moseiwitch has done the decor and the costumes, which are of the bustle period.

With Lord Vivian, his new associate, Cochran intends to follow the production of *Bless the Bride* with a new play and their future policy will be to present both musical and straight shows.

As a producer, Noel Coward always expects the company to arrive at the first rehearsal word perfect, but all the same he had a surprise at the first rehearsal of *Present Laughter* which is due to open at the Haymarket on April 16. Joan Swinstead, who is playing the part originally taken by Beryl Measor, was indisposed, so her understudy Sybil Wise went through the role and she didn't fluff a line. "I don't remember such a thing ever happening before," said Coward.

It was Coward, by the way, who gave Miss Wise her first West End chance. That was in *London Calling*, his first revue in 1923.

THE title of the new Tommy Trinder show which opens at the Palladium on April 5 will be *Here, There and Everywhere*. As I noted recently it will have a connecting story based on Trinder's round-the-world travels.

One-time Windmill girl Valerie Tandy, who played opposite Arthur Askey in *The Love Racket* and with Lupino Lane in *Me and My Girl*, will be one of the principals.

SYBIL THORNDIKE will be seen in a strong part in Clemence Dane's latest play *Call Home the Heart* which opens at the St. James's on April 10 with Leon Quartermaine, Valerie White and Shelagh Fraser also in the cast.

COL. DE BASIL, direct inheritor of the great Diaghileff tradition, promises a visit by the Ballet Russe this summer, the first since 1939. Sir Thomas Beecham will conduct throughout the season, and London-born Alicia Markova will be one of the principals.

*Beaumont Newhall*



JAMES AGATE

# At The Pictures

## Old and New

"ANYWHERE you like," I said to the Brighton taxi-driver. "I don't care how steep the picture is so long as there are no stairs." And presently I found myself gazing at something invoking memories of long ago, that contrived to be as fresh as they were in the early thirties. The picture was Noel Coward's *Cavalcade*, which seemed to me to wear extraordinarily well. In my mind stage-play and screen-version are now indistinguishable.

DOES the public remember, I wonder, the extraordinary reception of this piece? Chelsea and Bloomsbury, foregathering in the foyer, made no secret of the fact that this production had not their approval. Stage-pictures, they said, did not make a play; there was no wit, and such stirring of the emotions as they detected was obviously vulgar. But what did they suppose Coward had set out to do? Make a present of a Commedia dell'Arte theme to some four hundred extemporizing mummies? No! Sponsor a mime-ballet with spoken interludes, an entertainment à la Diaghilev cum Berners cum a few chosen Noelisms? No! Turn *Post Mortem* into a musical comedy? Again, no! Coward's job was to bethink him of Drury Lane Theatre, the old autumn melodrama, *Rose Marie*, *The Land of Smiles*, and find a successor in that line, for if it was not in that line there could be no hope of filling Drury Lane, which holds 2,600 people, nine times a week, for fifty-two weeks. This amounts to close on a million and a quarter of people, and Coward's obvious reply to the intellectuals was that if Chelsea and Bloomsbury had a better play which they thought could draw this audience would they please stop grumbling and trot it out?

THE worst of the hyper-aesthetes is that give them an inch and they want to know why they have not been allowed the whole ell. Coward had given Chelsea and Bloomsbury one or two scenes for their peculiar satisfaction. There was Church Parade on the Sunday after Queen Victoria's funeral, a scene in dumb show admirably low in tone. There was the funeral which passed out of sight while we saw its effect on the Marryot family. There was another scene in which enlistment was decked out with a rewarding and faintly erotic romanticism—*On Monday I Walk out with a Soldier*, *Military Mary*, and so forth. This was followed by a vision of departing armies, by bad news, and the recital of the same songs in the accents of horrified realization.



**TEMPTATION HARBOUR** is based on the novel *Newhaven-Dieppe* by Georges Simenon, and stars Robert Newton and Simone Simon. Also in the cast are Margaret Barton and William Hartnell who are seen above in one of the grim, brutal scenes of this exciting film. The story centres round a railway signalman who comes into the possession of a suitcase holding £5,000, and whose temptation to keep the money because of his love for his small daughter and for a fair siren is complicated by murder

All these things were first-class because they were not underlined, and because Coward was writing here for a section of his audience which could take a thing in. But he realized that the gallery at Drury Lane was a long way off, that while a Strachey-esque account of the past thirty years might be fun downstairs, upstairs something noisier would be wanted. Wherefore the scenes of Mafeking Night, the front at Brighton with the band playing *The Gondoliers* and the crowd startled by Blériot's monoplane, a picture of Waterloo Station during the tragic years, and last, Armistice Night in Trafalgar Square. "I hope," said Coward at the end, "that this play has made us feel that despite our national troubles it is still a pretty exciting thing to be English."

OUR author might, I think, have said, with equal justice, "It's still a pretty exciting thing to be Noel." Consider what he had achieved. He had invented and produced a series of stage-pictures necessitating crowd manipulations the like of which had never before been seen on the English stage. He had had the wit and taste to recognize the art of Mrs. Calthrop. He had by her brilliant stage-pictures evoked the very colour and sound of the past. He had arranged the liveliest possible musical score enshrining all that was most stirring in the people's songs of those thirty years, and recaptured the glamour of Elgar's great theme song when that rousing tune was new.

He had infected his crowds down to the least considerable super with his own enthusiasm. He knew he was going to give pleasure to thousands of playgoers and provide a year's employment for five hundred actors and stage-hands. He managed at the end of the proceedings to make his bow as author, composer, and producer without any air of "Alone I did it!" He had fluttered the libraries, quickened the pulse of Mr. Keith, and toned up the bosom of Mr. Prowse. This may or may not have been genius. If it wasn't, then I should like somebody to step smartly forward and tell me what it was.

I HAVE never been one to talk much about the art of cinema, but at this revival the other afternoon it seemed a pretty 'cute notion to let the departing troop train draw out from Waterloo Station as the Red Cross train drew in. But then the whole picture seemed to me to be admirable, and far more worth while than all to-day's nonsense about pistol-packing blondes asking Humphrey Bogart to believe that they are murderesses only on Wednesdays.

Yes, if ever there is a West End theatre devoted to film revivals, then I think *Cavalcade* should take a very high place.

THE point about *Temptation Harbour* (Warner's) is its extraordinary naturalness, which is a characteristic of most of the work of Simenon. Naturally the adapters have done a good deal of tinkering, which must always be the case when you engage three script writers when one would do. Naturally the idea has occurred to the aforesaid adapters that the way to turn a masterly little film into an impressive big one is to add a lot of characters who have nothing to do with the original story. But in the cinema as elsewhere there are some stories which take a lot of spoiling, and the adapters have not succeeded in spoiling this one. One entirely believes in the railway signalman who accidentally, as it were, acquiring the profits accruing from another man's act of murder, cannot decide between giving the swag to the police and doing himself a bit of good.

HERE is one more demonstration of the fact that to the murderer murder is one of the most natural things in the world. Tell this to the signalman in this story and he would not believe a word of it. This is stressed by a particularly fine piece of acting on the part of Robert Newton. Excellent as always is William Hartnell, and I hold Margaret Barton's little daughter to be a beautiful performance, while Simone Simon makes the best case for the interloping interloper. And I could have done with a lot more of Marcel Dalio. Look at this film any way you please and it is a pretty good one.





A group including Mr. P. Sherwood, Miss M. New, Mr. S. McNeile, Miss Ursula Dix, Miss Ann Bennett, Mr. G. Aitchison, Miss Jill Bailey, Mr. Ian Jackson, Mr. K. Pickles, Miss J. New, Mr. D. Wilson, Mr. J. Turbett and Miss V. Watson



A happy gathering at one of the tables: Mr. J. F. Gammell, Mrs. Hugh Morgan, Mr. Hugh Morgan, Miss M. Jukes, Mr. J. A. Bibby and Miss E. Gammell

## Trinity College Field Club Ball

An Occasion Typical of Cambridge University's Increasing Post-War Social Life



On the dance floor: Mr. Eric Dix and Miss Mary Simpson



Mr. T. F. Hebblethwaite, Miss Rosemary Lee, Mr. T. H. Smith and Miss M. S. Ashworth



Mr. Laird Wilson and Miss Barbara Whitey sitting out a dance



Major Desmond Wilson, M.C., D.S.C., and Miss Joan Apperson were two more who were enjoying the evening



Also among the guests were Mr. Andrew Marsden-Smedley and Miss Honor Luttrell



Miss Penny Bell, Mr. Lionel Balfour-Lynn, Miss Vivienne Stonehill and Mr. Arthur Davidson



## Edinburgh "Old Boys" Dine in London

The George Watson College, Edinburgh, has a long list of distinguished old students, many of whom have made their careers in the South. The Watsonian Club has a branch in London, and they recently held a reunion dinner at the May Fair Hotel, the Chairman being Brig. Sir G. S. Harvie Watt



*The Chairman, who was Parliamentary Private Secretary to Mr. Winston Churchill in the war years, with Lady Watt*



*Air Vice-Marshal Macdonald and Air Marshal Sir James Robb, Commander-in-Chief of Fighter Command*

## Ballet Personalities at a Party



*Leonide Massine, Mme. Marie Rambert and Miss Matilda Etches at a party at Covent Garden to announce the reorganisation of the Sadler's Wells ballet school to include general education*



*Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell talking to Miss Ninette de Valois, Director of Sadler's Wells Company, who will supervise the new school. It will take children from the age of ten*



*Sir John Anderson, Mr. R. Y. Paton, orthopaedic surgeon to the company, and Margot Fonteyn, principal ballerina of the Wells*



*Mr. Arnold Haskell, who will be headmaster of the school, and Mrs. Helen Mortimer, of the Elmhurst School, Camberley*





The Defence Minister, Mr. A. V. Alexander, with Lady Anderson, wife of Sir John Anderson, who was also there



Colonel and Mrs. Jennings were among the large company who gathered to renew schoolday friendships



Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Schmieglow were two more of the guests at this successful function

## The Airborne Hold a Dance



Mrs. Dolika Riddell, Major Richard Riddell, Captain Tim Chaplin and Mrs. Tim Chaplin were among those present



Captain Charles Norton, Mrs. William Siddell, Mrs. Jack Mann, Mr. Jack Mann and Mr. William Siddell. The dance was held at the Airborne Club



Miss Norna Candy, assistant producer of "Theirs is the Glory," with Captain Bernard Briggs, who won the M.C. at Arnhem Bridge



Another party included Colonel S. Sammon, S/Ldr. Neil Elliott, Sec./O. S. Mogg, S/Ldr. Colin Campbell and Major Elliott



*Jennifer writes*

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A FRIEND with the Royal party in South Africa writes and tells me of the immense number of formal visits to small towns and large—sometimes four in one day—as well as the even greater number of unofficial halts, at each of which their Majesties and the Princesses have made a point, even at considerable personal inconvenience to themselves, of leaving the White Train and walking along the platform to chat informally with the crowds of local residents who flock to see them.

I hear that the restrained behaviour of the crowds at all points throughout the tour, with no attempts to mob the Royal party or to break through ropes and police barriers, is a feature that has given great pleasure to the King and Queen, since it has made the whole running of the tour more smooth and relieved them of much unnecessary fatigue.

THE three days' break at Bloemfontein, besides giving the Royal travellers a very welcome rest from rail travel and affording them their first sight of wild life in the great State game reserve, where a herd of nearly 2,000 springbok and belsbok gave the Princesses a special thrill by bounding and leaping across the road a few feet in front of their car, also produced one of the few opportunities his Majesty has had of giving a private dinner-party to distinguished figures in the Union.

The Royal party stayed at Government House, a charming grey stone building set on a hillside just out of the pleasant, wide-streeted town, and commanding a view of breathtaking loveliness across the wide veld, and there the King and Queen entertained to dinner Mr. E. F. Watermeyer, Chief Justice of the Union, and Mrs. Watermeyer, Mr. Justice B. A. Tindall, Mr. Justice O. D. Schreiner, Mr. Justice L. Greenberg and their wives, and Lady Duncan, widow of Sir Patrick Duncan, former Governor-General, a dinner-party with a legal flavour, appropriate enough in

Bloemfontein, which is the judicial capital of South Africa. Next day the Queen listened with delight to some of the tunes of her native Scotland when the Bloemfontein Caledonian Society's Pipe Band played on the lawn by special command of the King.

Frequently on this Empire tour 6,000 miles away, the Royal Family come on close contacts with home, as, for example, when at a parade of ex-Servicemen at the small town of Bethlehem, which stands on the River Jordan, in the north of the Free State, they met Major R. Gwatkin, a well-known local breeder of thoroughbreds, whose cousin, Col. Norman Gwatkin, is Assistant Comptroller of the Lord Chamberlain's Department at St. James's.

W/Cdr. Peter Townsend, D.S.O., D.F.C., the young and good-looking Equerry to the King, who shares equerry duties on the tour with his namesake, Lt.-Cdr. Peter Ashmore, has been acting as Master of the Household in addition to his other duties, a circumstance which may well be a pointer to the future.

VISCOUNT AND VISCOUNTESS MOUNTBATTEN OF BURMA have now arrived in New Delhi, and we all wish them the best of good luck in the difficult task ahead of them.

One of the last engagements Lady Louis kept before her departure for India with her husband to take up his duties as Viceroy of India, was to visit the Returned Prisoners of War Club at their new and permanent premises in Eaton Place. Lady Louis is president of the Club and, like all other things she does, takes the greatest practical interest in it. On the Sunday evening she came up from Broadlands especially to pay this visit, and looking charming in a plain check suit and with no hat, she mingled with the members, never forgetting a face she had seen before, and, what was so wonderful, remembering in many cases where she had met them, whether it was in the Middle East or Far East, probably in a Japanese P.O.W. camp or a transit camp.

Many of the members told me how much they owed to Lady Louis for all she had done personally with the Red Cross and St. John for their well-being and comfort after their release from prison, especially in the Far East, where in many cases they said she was the first white woman to enter their camps after the Armistice. Referring to this in a short and informal speech, Lady Louis made everyone laugh by saying that great as her welcome was everywhere, her little jeep, which was something quite new to the prisoners, really stole the honours!

Mr. Harry Luxmore, of the R.A.S.C., who was taken prisoner in Crete, told me that in his camp they, too, had never seen a jeep until after their liberation. Petty Officer Ennifer, who had served under Lord Louis and was himself a prisoner of war in Burma, made a short and charming reply to Lady Louis' speech, saying how much they all owed to Lady Louis and her husband, who he knew from experience was the best man in the world to work under, and wished him, as we all do, every success in his gigantic task in India.

Besides the many members there to meet Lady Louis, I saw Sir Gerald Hargreaves, Air Vice-Marshal Sir Paul and Lady Maltby, Brig. Smyth, V.C., with his wife, and Miss Crossan, who has worked so magnificently to make this club the tremendous success it is to-day.

ANOTHER informal party Lady Louis attended, this time with her husband, was the twenty-first birthday party given recently by Dr. Malcolm Sargent, the well-known conductor, for his only son Peter. It was held at the Savoy, and after assembling in a private room the guests dined at a charmingly decorated table in the ballroom. Many well-known people were in the party, and amongst them I saw Lady Brabourne and her younger sister, the Hon. Pamela Mountbatten, who has accompanied her parents to



A group enthralled by the conjurer included Elizabeth and Ann Whatman, David Napier, John Nutting, Jimmy and Mickey Denison-Pender, Rupert Mackeson, Jean Brand, Jennifer Green and the Hon. Lana Baring

### Mrs. Walter Whigham Gives



Intent on the game but finding that lack of height is something of a disadvantage were Ella Grimston, Anne Walker, Susan Aubrey-Fletcher, Danielle Dutry, Georgina Shaw and Neil Foster



India; two more attractive young girls in the party were Miss Diana Cross and Miss Valerie Soames. Unfortunately Lord Brabourne was out of London that evening and so was unable to come.

THERE were numerous big parties for Queen Charlotte's Birthday Ball, when many of this year's debutantes "came out." Lady Hamond-Graeme, who is president of the ball, had her usual long table and the largest party; her guests included Miss Diana Cross, Sir Ronald and Lady Cross's pretty debutante daughter; Miss Jean Tollemache, the Hon. Julie Curzon, Miss Beryl Groom, Miss Pamela Wyndham-Quin, Miss Anne Berry, Miss Juanita Forbes, Miss Rina Holmes-Watson, Miss Barbara Sayre and the Hon. Anne Cholmondeley; while their partners included the Hon. John Watson-Armstrong, Mr. Tony Fane, Mr. Philip Woolley, the Hon. Edmund Ironside, Capt. Gavin Welby, Major Alick Beattie, the Hon. Jack Mitford, Mr. Michael Luchbald, Mr. Philip Briant, Mr. Ian Scott-Ellis and Capt. Charles Harding. Lord and Lady Aberdare had a big party for their daughter, the Hon. Gwyneth Bruce, and their niece, Miss Daphne Bruce, at their table on the balcony.

Near by was the Hon. Mrs. James Howard, a joint hostess with Mrs. Arthur Hill for their debutante daughters, Priscilla Howard—a very pretty girl who has lovely colouring and fair curly hair, and who was wearing the traditional white dress with a very full skirt—and Meriel Hill, who was also in white.

Other joint hostesses were Lady Coryton and Mrs. Edgedale, to a party of eighteen which included their debutante daughters Flavia Coryton, a tall, attractive brunette, who has been finishing at Mrs. O'Mahoney's Cygnets School, and Mercy Edgedale. Others in this party were Lady Coryton's elder daughter Angela, who was a debutante two years ago, Miss Mary Bethune, Miss Rose Mary Rokeby-Johnson, Miss Daphne Parsons and Miss Susan Kent. Mrs. Hogarth had a party for her very attractive twin daughters Dinah and Judy, who were both dressed in white with flowers in their hair. Other young girls I noticed were Barbara Acland, Rachel Brand, Anne Brownlow, Jean Graham-Mutter, Anne Bernard, Audrey Congreve, Elizabeth Bardsley, Serena Chance, Sarah Crewdson, Elizabeth Hanbury-Williams, Janet and Helen Bruce and Anne Abel-Smith.

THE ballroom at the Dorchester was transformed into a veritable playground, with a miniature switchback and a slide, for the children's party which Mrs. Walter Whigham

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gave for her little son and daughter, David and Cynthia.

Besides these attractions there was a conjurer and masses of gaily-coloured balloons. The tiny Cynthia Whigham, who has tight curly hair, looked enchanting in a white organdie dress, and although she cannot yet toddle, she thoroughly enjoyed her first party, while David mingled very independently with all his little guests.

Mrs. Anthony Nutting, wife of the Member for the Melton Division of Leicestershire, brought her two little sons John and David, who wore long red-and-blue trousers which were very gay.

The Earl of Guilford's granddaughter, Juliana Williams, who I noticed has the most charming manners, was taking a great interest in the conjurer; she is growing tall and slim, so like her mother, the late Lady Cynthia Williams, who was killed so tragically with her brother, Lord North, by a washed-up mine during the war.

Brian and Frances Sweeny were two other bigger children I saw enjoying themselves; Jimmy and Mickey Denison-Pender, the five-year-old twin grandsons of Lord Pender, were comparing balloons with another pair of twins, Elizabeth and Ann Whatman, who wore sweet little smocked dresses; they are nearly the same age as the Denison-Pender boys. Viscount and Viscountess Errington's pretty little daughter Lana looked enchanting in blue with a most attractive little necklace. Julian and Jane Ormsby-Gore I saw enjoying the switchback; they are the grandchildren of Lord Harlech and the late Hugh Lloyd-Thomas, who won the Grand National with Royal Mail in 1937.

Other children I noticed at the party were Susan and Henry Aubrey-Fletcher, Philippa and Jean Brand, Jill and Simon Benton-Jones, Danielle Dutry, Simon Negretti, Sarah Barford, Sally and Carolyn Hunter, David Napier.

THE Minister of Ecuador and Mme. Viteri-Lafronte gave a delightful cocktail-party recently at their charming house in South Street. Many diplomats and their wives attended, including the Brazilian Ambassador, the Turkish Ambassador, who had just recovered from 'flu, the Chinese Ambassador and Mme. Cheng Tien-Hsi, the Siamese Minister and Princess Kitiyakara, the Liberian Minister and Baroness Aernout de Lynden, and the Saudi Arabian Minister, looking remarkably fit. Sir John Monck and Mr. Marcus Cheke, General Bissel and his wife, and Lady Forbes, wife of the former British Ambassador in Peru, were others there.



*Harlip*  
The Hon. Mrs. Denys Lowson is a sister of Lord Strathearn, and the wife of Mr. Denys Lowson. They have a son, Ian Patrick, and two daughters, Gay Ann and Melanie Fiona Louisa



*Bertram Park*  
Lady Gillian Anderson is the youngest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Perth and the wife of Mr. J. M. Anderson, son of Mr. and Mrs. Ian Anderson, of Old Surrey Hall, East Grinstead



*Pearl Freeman*  
Lady Eleanor Anley is the younger daughter of the Earl and Countess of Kilmorey and the wife of Major Philip Maitland Gore Anley, whom she married in 1942. They have a small son, Nicholas

## a Children's Party at the Dorchester



David Whigham, son of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Whigham. Their lovely home is Highland Court, near Canterbury. Mr. Whigham is High Sheriff of Kent



Among a happy party were Frances Sweeny, Juliana Williams, granddaughter of the Earl of Guilford, the Hon. Lana Baring, daughter of Viscount Errington, Rupert Mackeson, Susan Robson, Georgina Shaw, Jill Benton-Jones, and Jean Brand

JENNIFER'S GALLERY





## IN THE SUNSHINE OF THE ORANGE FREE STATE

A charming and characteristic picture of their Majesties and the Princesses in the garden of Government House, Bloemfontein, where they spent a week-end during their tour. The Orange Free State, of which Bloemfontein is the chief city, is as big as England. While in the capital the Royal Family attended a garden-party in King's Park and a Civic Ball, and also flew in their Viking aircraft to the Free State Game Reserve, this being Princess Margaret's first flight. There they had an open-air luncheon of typical Afrikaner dishes. Before leaving Bloemfontein their Majesties entertained the Chief Justice of the Union and other judges to dinner, Bloemfontein being the seat of South Africa's judiciary. The following day they left for Kroonstad



## A HAPPY HOMECOMING—



*The Duchess of Gloucester, with Prince William and Prince Richard, waving good-bye at Tilbury to the captain and crew of the Rangitiki, on which they returned from Australia*

## —AND A SMILING DEPARTURE



*Viscount Mountbatten, on his way to assume the Vicerealty of India, standing with the Viscountess beside the York aeroplane in which they travelled to Delhi*



*Doreen Lady Brabourne, Lady Brabourne (formerly the Hon. Patricia Mountbatten) and Lt. Philip Mountbatten (Prince Philip of Greece) seeing them off at Northolt*





Angus McBean

## Self-Profile

## Eugenie Leontovich

By Eugenie Leontovich

EARTHQUAKES, revolutions and wars are heavenly food for the very young.

I left Moscow in 1921 to join my desolated family in Baku, with two books: one volume of Shakespeare (incidentally Shakespeare was translated into Russian by forty various people in my time, and I wouldn't be surprised even by more to-day), the other, my favourite French poet Baudelaire, and with my personal maid. We were both disguised as peasants—in those days well-dressed people were not in vogue. We reached Samara, now Stalingrad, and embarked on a shaky little boat on the Volga to start our journey.

That trip in peacetime was one of the most fashionable holiday-pleasure trips to take. The most exquisite boats with luxurious suites, food and entertainment used to take people down the River Volga to the Caspian Sea, in three to four days. In 1921 it took almost a whole month. We had to stop at every village trying to refuel and take water and bread on board. The sun was shining, my heart was singing, and all the tragedy and madness of Holy Russia of that period seemed to me beautifully played out, a mass scene in a masterly production of the

Moscow Art Theatre. I was drunk with my youth, fearless and happy. I reached my family. I found many reasons to be sad, but, alas! one cannot bring back the dead.

I WENT in search of the one member of my family we still believed to be alive, my favourite sister Mary. She was supposed to be in Persia, somewhere near Teheran. I went on alone and encountered adventures so improbable and quaint that it makes me blush to talk about them, lest I be accused of writing what we call in Hollywood a corny script for a "B" film. Well, I found my sister. With her and the rest of my family we went to Batum, and from there to Constantinople, where we met one of our brothers in the streets of Galata selling some old bits (once in Russia he was Governor of a province).

The reunion was happy, there was plenty of food and a clean place to live in. I enjoyed it for a while, but soon got bored and longed for the theatre, for which I was brought up and for which I care very much.

One day I got hold of a French newspaper and, looking through the theatrical column,

"The Taming of the Shrew" was the first play in which Eugenie Leontovich appeared as a graduate of the Imperial School of Dramatic Art, Moscow. After the Revolution she established a high reputation as an actress in America, and on her first appearance in London, as the Archduchess Tatiana in *Tovarich* at the Lyric in 1935, she scored a great personal success. She recently appeared in *Caviar to the General*, of which she was part-author, at the New Lindsey and Whitehall Theatres

I learned that the boy called Gregory Ratoff, whom I had met as a student in the Dramatic School in Moscow, had his own little theatre in Paris.

"I'll write to him asking him to give me a job, any small job that will get me back in the theatre," I said. So I did. The answer came by cable: "Come at once, my theatre, all I have including myself, is yours." I sailed for Paris.

He told me he was in love with me and had never stopped being so since he met me at the school. We were in Paris and it was April. We couldn't get married as I was married to one of the finest and most generous Muscovites we had in that Byzantine city. I wrote to him asking for a divorce, as we were separated anyway since the civil war in Russia.

ABOUT that time Gregory received an offer to go with his company to America and I insisted that he should accept it. He did. We were a great flop when we opened in New York. Gregory wanted to return to Europe, but I made him stay. I wanted to remain in that modern fairy-tale of the world, the unbelievable country called America.

We stayed. We started from the bottom. He got a small part in one of the road shows in which I was a show girl. He spoke a little English, I knew two sentences: "Kiss me quick" and "Ham sandwich, please." We got married in Buffalo near the Niagara Falls, where we played for a week, and enjoyed our honeymoon in a room at 2½ dollars a week.

One night in the solitude of that humble room he said: "I shall give you all you left behind in Moscow—all your emeralds, rubies and diamonds, all your sables, ermines, books, china and silver and all." So he did when he became a film director and his own producer in Hollywood ten years later.

On top of it he gave me a house of twenty-four rooms and, of course, a swimming-pool, one of the deepest in Hollywood. During those ten years I also moved up from show girl to a full-fledged star of the dramatic theatre in America.

BUT it is my new passion for writing and collaborating on plays that keeps me alive and kicking now. My first play written in collaboration was *Dark Eyes*, which ran eighteen months on Broadway and sold to movies for 500,000 dollars, and the second one is my favourite, *Caviar to the General*, which has just finished a run at the modern and lovely Whitehall Theatre. There I met Miss Phyllis Dixey, who impressed me with her beauty, lovely manners and simplicity (she does not even use any make-up off the stage).

I live in a flat with my friend, who is part of my family and who is the most Russian of all the Russians I've ever met, in spite of her being a British subject with all her love and loyalty for this country. She ran a kind of private canteen during the war for her friends, and keeps the whole house supplied with hot water by stoking the old boiler. The flat is in a street near Hyde Park, near the Achilles statue, who makes me go to see him every day. He is aloof, mighty and beautiful as England itself, this enigma England that causes so many headaches to so many people.

Do I miss the palm-trees of Hollywood? No. My husband is trying to join me as soon as he has finished his latest film. Yes, there is one creature I miss from my home; it is an English bulldog—Winny. Because of his look, wit and strength he reminds me of Mr. Churchill, who intrigues me more than any glamour boy of the movies. I hope to meet him in the flesh some day before I leave this enchanting island.





## Priscilla in Paris Waking Up Orléans

THE March winds are with us and also—with unpleasant alternation—the snows of December and the showers of April. Miraculously, in between, we get sunshine and fair skies. This was the day that saw me sailing off to Orléans for the Gaillet-Simon wedding. It was one of the golden-hazy mornings that make spring seem just round the corner, and only the fear of a delaying puncture occurring on the road prevented me stopping to look for primroses that, anyway, would probably only have been snowdrops.

Orléans is one of the towns that have been badly blitzed. The ruins are tidy, but where, oh where, are the signs of reconstruction? Shanty towns have come to stay in this beautiful country. The wooden huts in which shopkeepers display their wares and whole families camp in one room have an air of permanency that is disheartening.

This was a truly all-French wedding of the *haute bourgeoisie*. The men in tails and white ties, the mamas in long frocks and paradise plumes, the four bridesmaids in white picture frocks with little flower-toques and bouquets of blue and pink hyacinths, a two-year-old page in his first pair of knickers (and coming to grief in them, alas!), the teen-aged bride in white brocade with a lovely veil of old lace, and the young bridegroom wearing a smart, dark "Polytechnique" uniform of the Military Engineering Academy that is known also as "l'Inc."

ALL Orléans seemed to have turned out to line the red carpet from pavement kerb to church door, and the church itself was packed. More than half the guests came down from Paris. Mme. Jules Simon wore black velvet and a becoming hat à la grande Mademoiselle, with a sweeping ostrich plume on her pale gold, honey-coloured hair. The Comtesse de Contades was in a lovely mink coat. Mme. Lefebvre in sealskin. Mlle. Sargent in summer ermine. Tanagra-like Kissia Curel wore a pale beige jacket with hat to match and a black shirt under a fur coat. Mme. Peterson a crocus-yellow woollen frock under a *breitschwanz* wrap. Mme. René Schelcher an oatmeal-coloured coat trimmed with leopard skin over a russet-brown suit and a most becoming little green hat on her pretty, short dark curls. "Myche" Swellengrabel was gay in pillar-box red and Mme. du Serre-Telmon was smart in all-black.

The wedding breakfast was one that we shall dream of for weeks to come, since the commissariat department over here is in as great

a muddle as ever, and I make no apologies for setting down its mouth-watering courses here: *Croustades assortis*. *Saumon de Loire poché, sauce Hollandaise*. *Jambon d'York au Porto*. *Poulet de grains grillé, sauce Diable*. *Salade de Saison*. *Fromages*. *Bombe glacé Jeanne d'Arc* (it was tactful not to have a dessert "Jeanne d'Arc flambée"). *Petits fours*. *Café* and *liqueurs*. The wines were: *Côteau d'Anjou, Sylvaner 1945, Corton 1929 and Cristal Roederer*. The diplomacy that must have been exercised, the difficulties that must have been overcome, the permits that must have been obtained (to say nothing of the cheque that must have been signed) to achieve such a *tour de force* surpasses one's imagination.

We drove down in the morning à trois squeezed into Miss Chrysler's front seat, but we returned with various additions on the running-boards and the dickey brimming over; for all I know there may have been a stowaway under the bonnet judging from the way two cylinders misfired, but I was past counting and certainly past tinkering with sparking-plugs.

THE theatrical event of the week is the revival of the late Edouard Bourdet's amusing play *Le Sexe Faible* at the Madeleine

Theatre. It is an amusing satire staging the matrimonial activities of the Italo-Russo-South-American-Ritz crowd at one of the most famous hotels in Paris. There are portraits in plenty in this witty comedy. (And never a kick or breath of protest from the victims!)

This was a best-bib-and-tucker *première*. Black ties and bare shoulders (the latter under fur coats!), but a horrible fashion is starting again—that of wearing elaborate hats with evening dress. This is all very well in the boxes, but when I find myself sitting behind a flowered and feathered cartwheel in the stalls, I long to get busy with a pair of shears or, which would be somewhat handier, my cigarette-lighter.

HAVING missed a certain boxing match—seats sold out before I got to the box-office—I did next best by visiting the Press gallery at the *Chambre* when *messieurs les députés* fell out. How the fur did fly! A little clean fighting never did anyone any harm, but one prefers to see it elsewhere. What got me down was the grim hatred one saw in eyes that glittered with fury, and that the ladies in red were so illustrative of the fact that the female of the species is more deadly than the male.



Corinne Calvet is the beautiful young French actress who sailed for Hollywood under contract to Paramount on the Queen Elizabeth recently. Mlle. Calvet, who began her career as a sculptor, studied acting with Charles Dullin, who has built up many distinguished artists. She went on to small parts in French films until she got an important role in one of Jean-Paul Sartre's plays which was to be filmed. This brought her the American contract

## Voilà!

One can no more down Marius of the Sunny South than Patrick of Erin's green shores!

Marius, on his push-bike, and a six-ton lorry met head on at a certain dangerous corner in Marseilles the other afternoon. Somewhat the worse for wear and dragging the remnants of his bicycle, our hero went home. "Funérailles!" yelled Mme. Marius, "what a state you are in!"

Marius managed a proud smile: "That's nothing," he said, "you ought to see the lorry."





*Mrs. R. Napier-Martin, who was one of this year's brides herself (she was formerly Miss Ann Brooke-Edwards), helps to arrange her sister's wedding veil*



*Baroness Beaumont, wife of Lord Howard of Glossop, with her third daughter, the Hon. Miranda Fitzalan-Howard, at the reception*



*Lady Joan Birkbeck, sister of the Earl of Munster, and Lady Mary Manningham-Buller, sister of the Earl of Crawford and Balcarres*



*The bridegroom's father, Mr. Everard Radcliffe, with Lady Chesham, mother of the bride. The bride was given away by the Hon. Charles Cavendish, in the absence of her stepfather, Lord Chesham*



*The Hon. Mrs. Charles Cavendish, wife of Lord Chesham's son and heir, with her elder daughter, Joanna, and Mrs. Stanley Barratt*

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*A "spyglass" view of Miss Adele Bonville Were, the Hon. Isabel Monckton, daughter of Viscount Galway, and the Hon. Charles Stourton*

## WEDDING OF LADY CHESHAM'S DAUGHTER

Mr. M. A. Radcliffe Marries Miss Mary Brooke-Edwards at St. James's, Spanish Place



*Mr. Michael Anthony Radcliffe and his bride, Miss Mary Brooke-Edwards. He is the son of Mr. Everard Radcliffe, of St. Trinian's Hall, Yorkshire, and of the late Mrs. Radcliffe. The bridesmaids were Miss Philippa Bewicke-Copley, Miss Adele Bonville Were, Penelope Verney Cave and Jane and Susan Radcliffe*

*Photographs by Staebe*



D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS

# Standing By ...

ETON COLLEGE authorities have been consulting the Windsor fire brigade concerning certain "inaccessible places," we observe. One may confidently assume that inaccessibility would always be in direct ratio to studied nonchalance (tribute).

At most public schools a fire is attended by a certain amount of rather crude exhibitionism by the Sixth Form in the way of swarming up drainpipes and rescuing the Head. At girls' public schools—we once gathered from a glance at the major works of Angela Brazil—it is the function of the worst girl in the Lower Fourth to carry out these gymnastics, thus proving herself pure gold. What happened to this arrant tomboy in after-life has often set us musing. Our guess is that she generally joined the London School of Economics and led a gay, gipsy life, longing for a fire from which to rescue Professor Laski. As this was the dream of every other laughing gipsy at the School, a certain traffic-congestion on the drainpipes would have been inevitable.

"Gertrude! Popsy! Rebecca! Dinty! What's-your-name! Come down at once!"

"Oh, Miss Gewither!"

"Those bright saucy glances! Those bold flushed cheeks! Do you suppose our beloved Director could wish to be rescued from the flames by mere hoydens?"

There is no record of a fire at the London School of Economics, barring that which consumed every female heart during the Laski régime. This explains why, sooner or later, all those gipsies wear that frustrated look the Brontës had. As if you cared.

## Dig

CONTEMPLATING those air-photographs of the drowned Thames Valley and the farflung waters, one thought of that tremendous moment in the 1920's when Sir Leonard Woolley's men, digging deep at Ur of the Chaldees, suddenly drove their spades into the first of those eight feet of solid water-laid unstratified clay which knocked all the German Higher Criticism for a row of Eskimo toothpicks and revealed the marks of the Noachic Deluge, the Great Flood of the Book of Genesis.

Hideous Boche dons in thick owlsh pebbly glasses, many of them with unfortunate private habits, had been demonstrating with a wealth of pedantry for two centuries that the Flood was a pure myth. Woolley should have dragged one of them to that historic Chaldean pit-shaft and rubbed his snout in that unanswerable clay; afterwards addressing the pedant as follows: "Much-esteemed Herr Professor! Have you your note-book? Good! Take down the following, before I kick your shapeless and

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"No—your feet"

elephantine trousers round half Chaldea: 'The evidence of the Flood is as follows . . .'

## Footnote

YOU may not like some of the archaeological boys. They are often fussy and conceited, and they loll in tents while the native digs. But at regular intervals they rout the dons with ease and make the professors fly to cover like rabbits. Similarly, a thousand years hence, uncovering foundations at the top of what is now Piccadilly Circus, they will prove conclusively that the Island Race did *not* devour the tins it gobbled its food from, and that those quaint bowl-shaped vases with curly brims discovered near by were worn on the head.

The spade is mightier than the fountain-pen, as the actress said laughingly at the theatre-critic's funeral.

## Rap

SO enraptured was Auntie Times with a slightly lush description by one of her little readers of a frosty dawn over Chanctonbury Ring (Sussex), that she printed it in full, as a model. Would it be too awful to say that it read to us at first glance more like dawn over the Place Pigalle? A monstrous suggestion, we admit. Only a wicked person would ever see dawn over the Place Pigalle, and Auntie would never print anything by anybody wicked, even if it began in a fit of sincere penitence, thus:

Reeling cockeyed (to my shame) out of the Rat Mort early this morning, I was greatly struck by the beauty of the dawn. A thousand coloured lights (etc., etc.).

To be up and doing at dawn on Chanctonbury Ring implies extreme goodness. There can therefore be no question of the *virtue* of Auntie's boy. Our feeling is simply that the Masters would not have indulged in rococo phrases like "Byzantine extravaganza" and "a million candles." We're thinking of Dante's crystal line about the trembling of the Morning Star, Stevenson's two perfect lines about dawn off the Bass Rock, half-a-dozen dawns of austere magnificence in Belloc, and Oscar Wilde's vision:

And down the long and silent street,  
The dawn, with silver-sandalled feet,  
Crept like a frightened girl.

Intense quiet and recollection is the mood. No fuss, no hoo-ha, no rooting round for jewelled phrases and ringing furiously for the parlour-maid to fetch Roget's Thesaurus. Awe, *recueillement*, wonder—these are the reactions. Auntie will remain behind when the bell rings.

## Memory

ROUND the elegant trousers of some of the expensive West End jazz boys an economic nor'easter is whistling, apparently. It touches us, though as yet not so deeply as the passing of their tango predecessors in the Golden Age.

Quite suddenly (as your Great-Uncle Charles will remember, if sober) the Tango Boys swooped on London, *circa* 1910; lithe, loping, languid, elegant, bluechinned, sidewhiskered, near-Argentinian *majors* from the sierras of Aldgate and the haciendas of Soho; exotic, cruel, and beautiful as panthers. Quite suddenly, after making fortunes from tuition, exhibition, and



Robert Helpmann, better known as a leading ballet dancer and choreographer, reveals brilliant acting talent in *The White Devil*, John Webster's spine-chilling sixteenth-century thriller at the Duchess Theatre. As Flamineo, secretary to an Italian nobleman, he out-lagos Iago, and only comes to his appalling end after a great deal of blood (and much splendid poetry) has been spilt. His black-avised devilry is most effectively supported by the more subtle scheming of Margaret Rawlings in the title-role

Tango Teas, they vanished on the eve of World War I, leaving a myriad English Roses in a delicious swoon. They had more poise than the jazz boys and were more mysterious. You can find out all about the jazz boys by studying their trade papers, which tell you how Zoops Zeizler and his Voodoo Vikings have made an initial frame-entry which looks like a click job, how Mo Mustard and his Madcap Morons are dispensing the schmaltz, how Joe Juggernaut has hit the air and Rube Rumbelgutz the top groove (everybody in jazz-band circles is hitting something). Maybe the jargon isn't quite so brutally bracing as that of the American jazz-trade papers. The same applies to about six Fleet Street imitations of *Time* (N.Y.).

The jazz boys earn their money harder than their predecessors and have plenty jive, zing, and schmaltz. But have they that old *panache*? Alas.

### Marine

A YACHTSMAN to whom we mentioned casually that Hitler's yacht, the Grille, was recently towed into Hull with engine-trouble on her way from Hartlepool to Gibraltar to pick up her new owner, a rich Syrian, looked down his weatherbeaten nose and sneered. Round East Mersea and the Blackwater they don't want to know such craft.

In those parts they took the same view of Arnold Bennett's luxurious yacht, which had modernist cabin-decorations and a well-scrubbed deck on which its owner would lounge on calm days in spotless yachting attire, "approving of the Ocean," as E. V. Lucas used to say. No yacht gets a good mark from those hardy fellows on the Essex coast unless it is small, dirty, stinking excessively, and sailed by somebody quite uncouth, all over mud and paint. This seems to us the kind of snobbery which exactly balances cricket. One speck of mud (or even blood) on your flannels and the M.C.C. bans you as a cad. Turn up for a sail at East Mersea or Brightlingsea with one clean square-inch on your flannels and the yachting boys blast you for a sissy. You ask how they get on among the polished upper-crust at Cowes. They don't know Cowes.

### Macabre

THOUSANDS of citizens with nowhere else to sleep all day are still, we find, emitting subdued murmurs of "Bowled, Sir!" in token of the Government's reprieve of midweek cricket. It would be a graceful return-gesture if the M.C.C. made better arrangements for the disposal of spectators left behind after a day's match.

At present (as we explained to a mildly interested American friend recently) the procedure is that the M.C.C. cart calls round about midnight at the back-entrance to Lord's. A bell is rung and the cry "Bring out your dead!" is raised. The bodies are collected by torchlight from the Members' Stand first, and thence in rotation, ending on the Cheap Side. They are then taken to Barking Creek and shot into the disposal-pit, as usual.



"Like a nightcap?"



Photographs by Angus McBean

Beatrix Lehmann makes her debut in Shakespeare as leading lady of the 1947 Festival Company, which opens at Stratford-on-Avon on April 5th. Her initial role will be that of the Nurse in *Romeo and Juliet*. A sister of Rosamond Lehmann, the novelist, and John Lehmann, the poet, she has not only distinguished herself in a series of strongly dramatic parts, but has organised a repertory company for the Arts Council at Coventry, produced plays at the Arts Theatre, and is now President of Equity, the actors' "trade union"

## BUBBLE and SQUEAK

BENNETT CERF in *The Saturday Review of Literature* tells this one:

In a trim suburban bungalow lived a rising young novelist and his wife, presided over by a Scandinavian servant whom everyone described as a gem, and who reminded the men, at least, of Ingrid Bergman. This paragon one day approached her mistress in tears and announced: "I must leave on the first of the month."

"But why?" demanded the housewife, "I thought you were perfectly happy here." It wasn't that, sobbed the maid; she had met a handsome soldier a few months before, and now—and now—"Don't do anything until I've consulted my husband," said the wife. She was back from his study in a trice. "We have decided that you must stay," she announced. "We will adopt your baby."

In due course a son appeared upon the scene, the author adopted him legally, and all was serene for another year, when the maid again announced she was leaving. This time she had met a sailor. The author and his wife went into another huddle, and the maid was told, "It is unfair to bring a child up alone. We will adopt your second baby."

The second baby was a darling little girl, and the bungalow resounded with happy laughter. Then the blow fell. The maid resigned again.

"Don't tell me," gasped the wife, "that this time you met a Mariue."

"It's not that at all, ma'am," said the servant with dignity. "I'm resigning because I simply cannot work for such a big family."

A SMALL truck loaded with glassware backed out of a factory in New York right into a large truck. Most of the glass was smashed in the crash, and the driver seemed on the verge of tears. A big

crowd gathered, and one benevolent old gentleman said compassionately, "I suppose you will have to make this good out of your own pocket?"

"I'm afraid so," lamented the driver.

"Well, well," said the gentleman, "here's a dollar for you. Let me pass your hat and I dare say some of these kind people will help you out, too."

Over a hundred people dropped bills into the hat.

The driver, stowing the money away, nodded towards the retreating back of the benevolent one: "That's what I call a real smart man," he said. "He's my boss."



A DIGNIFIED middle-aged man noticed that fully-fashioned silk stockings were on sale in a large city store, and he decided to get his wife a pair. When he entered the department he found himself knocked about by a host of frantic women.

For some time he tried to get through the crowd to the counter, then he suddenly changed his polite ways, and with head lowered and arms outstretched he barged through the mob.

"You, there," yelled a feminine voice, "can't you act like a gentleman?"

"I've been acting like a gentleman for an hour," said the man, still charging forward, "but from now on I'm going to act like a lady."

A new version of an old rhyme:

Little Miss Muffet  
Sat on a tuffet,  
Eating her curds and whey,  
There came a great spider,  
And sat down beside her,  
And said: "Why, Baby, with that  
face and that figure I  
could get you a hundred bucks  
a week in Hollywood."





John Pinto (Magdalene), secretary of the C.U.A.B.C., Lieut.-Colonel John Kyffins, President of the O.U.B.C., and Captain R. G. Briscoe, Lord-Lieutenant of Cambridgeshire, the guest of honour



R. G. Wood (Magdalen), one of the featherweights, G. J. Hannays (Worcester), who won the lightweight bout, his opponent, G. Luckhurst (Downing), and D. M. Bale (St. Catherine's), featherweight

## Cambridge Amateur Boxers Entertain

# PICTURES IN THE FIRE

NO more ill-chosen moment than the present for supplementing the chastisement with whips by one with scorpions could have been selected by the person called the Clerk of the Weather. Even in the hottest times of the aerial bombardment we lived like fighting cocks by comparison with our state to-day, and even had more enjoyments and easements. Our spirits were higher; and our health better.

At a conservative estimate this deadly post-war swamp fever has taken a physical and mental toll of 50 per cent. of vigour, and now the unfriendly General Winter hits Cheltenham for six.

### The National

THINGS fall so unkindly for us chaps of the weekly illustrated press that, after saying what we think *may* happen about anything, and it happens at a moment when we can say just nothing about it until the week after next, we are in an even worse position than the saintly St. Simeon. The National on a Saturday can get no mention in such deathless pages as these until the following Wednesday week, and so, unless we have second sight or are ready to risk a fable, we are completely blockaded.

Personally, for instance, I dreamed that the National was a repetition of Grudon's year, when it was run in a blinding snowstorm and the tops of the fences were marked by at least 3 ins. of it; but had I the courage to say so and risk it?—no—great as was the temptation to relate how some other trainer went round the corner with his ration book and bought as much butter as he was allowed to do. That was what Bletsoe did in 1901 long before we had ever heard of ration books. He owned Grudon, and had a nice bet on him at 9—1, and he knew that butter would stop the snow balling in the horse's feet: and so he anointed them heavily, and Grudon won easily and was never troubled, like most of the others, with the bad conditions under foot.

If snow were the only danger this year we could afford to sit happy, but I do not believe that many people realise how deep into the ground such a prolonged frost can go, and fewer still the jar to horse and man which such a surface can easily inflict. A soft top, due to a partial thaw, can be as dangerous as a banana skin on the pavement.

### P.T. for M.P.s

WE have been told (per B.B.C.) that these Parliamentary Physical Jerks, which have been inaugurated, are designed to make M.P.s far quicker in the up-take than, apparently, they are adjudged to be at the moment, and they are working, so I suppose, upon the *in*

*corpore sano* principle? Is not this Gym, however, a terrible indictment, and just a back-handed way of saying inside the House that which so many people, who are not M.P.s, say outside it? We were given a vivid picture of how a few members were trying to become better men; the bars, the box-fight, the vaulting horse, and so forth, but never, *be it marked*, a single word about that first-class jerk, touching the toes. I understand that many people (not M.P.s) believe that this is the first thing that these gymnasts should be compelled to do.

But why stop at all these simple and well-known exercises? The muddy London River flows below The Terrace, and so why not a raft, and, say, a dozen whiffs just to start with, or even a couple of eights? I can well imagine what a tremendous tussle there would be for the job of coach. The Sergeant-at-Arms could do nothing, because the remarks would be made outside "the precincts." How Mr. Crabfish would enjoy telling Mr. Dogsboddy that he was too slow with his hands, was pulling himself up by his straps, rushing forward, washing out, bucketing, feathering under water, and entirely failing to row it right back on to his zephyr. These remarks would be conveyed with the suitable epithets, over which Mr. Speaker would have no control whatever.

If aquatics are considered too inclement, why not a rousing go with the épée indoors? A really strong performer can mark his adversary almost all over with little pink patches, to say nothing of what he can do with the infuriated husband point bang on the Adam's apple. There is also all-in wrestling, with the pleasing opportunity of taking a flying leap and landing sitting on the opponent's stomach; quarter-staff; sabre; bayonet, and even the net and trident. They might even, in time, run a Rodeo in the Row, which is quite handy; and as to horses, since we import so little, why not fill up some empty ships with a consignment or two of Brumbies or a few Bronchos from Mexico? I am sure that the generous Australians, and the cowboys in the Wild West, would be only too delighted to pick out a few that could really perform. Riding this sort of animal is a magnificent tonic for the interior, and entirely eliminates any of those pains from which it is so obvious that many people suffer at the moment. Hobnailed liver vanishes into thin air—so do hiccups.

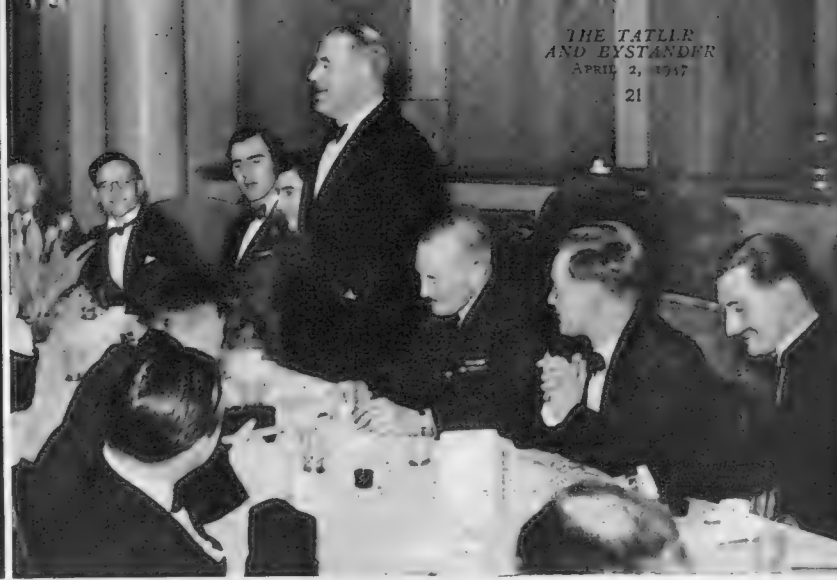
apposite question, and not a very easy one to answer. On a general reckoning the answer is "No."

Real hands, like the poet, are born. No hands may be turned into their opposite far more easily than mutton-fists can be into even moderate controls. It is the same with rowing. Ask any coach which he would rather tackle—new and unspoiled material, or a chap who had picked up all the worst tricks.

Hands on a horse are exactly the same thing as tact off it, and when asked if they can be taught, the same answer serves. Could you ever hope to cure Mr. Thickens of treading on people's toes wherever he goes, or rubbing their fur up the wrong way—even before he opens his mouth? Could you cure him of saying: "I met a chap yesterday who said he knew you—not a particular pal of yours, I shouldn't think!" All the perfumes of Araby the Blest will never change his taint. You may, on the other hand, cure some people of jobbing a horse in the mouth; but only, perhaps, after he has cleared out with them for four or five miles on end, and then deposited them head-first against a stone wall. But usually this kind of creature is both incurable and unteachable. The one who has been taught that his only hopes are the reins and a short stirrup-leather, and who is about as inelastic as a block of Portland cement, is likewise a pure waste of time, for he has imbibed the conviction that: "You can't teach me anything; I've read it all in the books—and also been to heaps of horse shows!" You may try in the interests of the unfortunate horses he rides, but you will never do any good with him. If, however, the material has not been hacked and patched by bad tailors, and just pulls at them out of lack of confidence, insecurity of tenure in the saddle and a dash of blue funk, then, of course, there is every chance of turning a complete lack into a fairly good semblance and you might in the end even make it take on a difficult animal and bend and figure-of-eight him in a bitless bridle. I believe, and I have personal proof, that that is a very good thing. Get the gentleman or lady confident first, however—otherwise they might induce the animal to take charge and clear out to the uttermost confines of Tibet or Tartary, or even Twickenham.

*Sabnetache*

IN the recent fusillade on seats in the saddle in their infinite variety, someone asked whether hands can be taught. It was a most



Photographs by Tasker, Press Illustrations

## Their Oxford Opponents to Dinner

B. Hone (Wadham), Oxford's captain, toasting I. J. Abrahams (Pembroke), the Cambridge captain, with C. W. Williams (Merton), light-heavyweight (centre)

Cdr. G. V. Knight, O.B.E., R.N.(ret.), the referee, speaking. On his left are W/Cdr. E. J. Bradbury, O.B.E., a judge, S. Y. Dawbarn (Corpus), junior treasurer, and Captain C. E. Johnson, the M.C.

After their recent 5-2 victory over Oxford, Cambridge University Amateur Boxing Club gave a dinner at the University Arms Hotel. Oxford put up an excellent show during the boxing, inasmuch as they had spent ten hours travelling and almost got bogged down altogether in a snowdrift on the way. Viscount Montgomery and Lord Tedder, who were to have been guests of honour at the dinner, were prevented from attending by the extremely severe weather

## Scoreboard



**"ESPERANTO"** JONES, the Mystery Sportsman, is once again in what passes for the news. He is to swim the Channel on his back, from Dover to Dieppe. When asked "Why on your back?" he replied, "To keep facing north, of course; the other way round, I should

have the sun in my eyes."

Last time, it will be remembered by those who remember anything at all, he started from Boulogne for Folkestone, but, on sighting the Mayor and Corporation and the Guest Beauty Queen of Birmingham on the beach, he shouted, "Fair stood the wind for France," duck-dived from view, and came up by the rudder of the camp-followers' boat, whose occupants had forgotten how to start the engine and were relying on a pair of canoe-paddles. "There is no reason," said "Esperanto" Jones, in a lecture to the Shadwell Rotary and Natatory Club, "why you should not swim from Boulogne to Bournemouth, only the Isle of Wight is in the way."

HE is also a Dry-Bob and kept wicket for Harrow. But an Old Etonian, whose name is not yet for publication, when informed of this, said: "I kept wicket for Eton for many years at Lord's, but I do not remember the name of E. Jones among the opposition," then added, with a jolly laugh, "But what wicket-keepers say is not evidence, you know."

A high official of the M.C.C., when interviewed, observed, "Ernest Jones, yes; he will be recalled in connection with a ball that was alleged to have passed through Dr. W. G. Grace's beard; but I have never heard of 'Esperanto' Jones. If I had heard of him, I should not know him; and if I did, I shouldn't care."

"Esperanto" has entered, provisionally, for the Open Golf Championship. "I have never played golf," he told me over a glass of saline in his Louis Quinze flat, "but if those long-eared galoots can do seventy, then I should be able to reach a hundred"; and he flexed his abdominal muscles till his watch-chain twanged like a harp.

He also hopes, if the dates and colours do not clash, to partner Mrs. Braddock, M.P., in the Mixed Doubles at Wimbledon.

I left him planning a walking-tour along the Equator. "The difficulty," he confided to me, "is to keep exactly on the line. There is a shortage of the required Geocentric instruments. I expect to take in coal on the Galapagos Islands."

**WATCHING** a recent Rugger International in which some twelve and a half of the players ended the match sitting or lying on the ground, I was reminded of an irreplaceable University don who, in the half-memorable times that used to fall between the port and the brandy, liked to tell of a certain Rugger match at Bradford between the home team and Blackheath. He, so it appeared across the years, had been playing for Blackheath. "We were big men," he would muse, "all of us. I was the lightest, at 12 stone and a half. They played rough; but we were ready for them. I cracked the corner-flag in scoring the winning try. Six of their fellows were taken home in cabs."

There would follow a short silence, broken in imagination by the clomp of those funereal four-wheelers. Then, as he gazed at the winking brim of his cup, he would go on: "I used to play golf sometimes with King Tino of Greece, on his private course near Athens. It was there that I drove a ball two miles. It was a slight slice. It went over a precipice and down into the valley below." And the funny thing was, it was true.

**SO** Higher Soccer is to go on to June 10th. This will excite the fanatics of the Cricket Season Observance Society. Some years ago, they played a protest Cricket Match in mid-winter, choosing as venue the historic but bleak Broadhalfpenny Down, near Hambledon. The umpires, by a reversal of the usual process, lost sensation from the feet upwards. The local Hunt, for want of a fox, galloped about among the fielders. One of the hounds, Old Nell III., asked for guard of middle-and-leg; and the genteel but ubiquitous representative of *The Times* took his customary snapshot.

R. R. Roberts Glasgow.



Air Marshal Douglas Colyer, C.B., D.F.C. (St. Catherine's), the Cambridge treasurer, and P. E. Raschid (Selwyn), bantamweight



Cdr. Knight, the referee, with Colonel D. Portway (Master of St. Catherine's), President of the C.U.A.B.C.



# ELIZABETH BOWEN'S BOOK REVIEWS

"Ego 8"

"Through Eastern Windows"

"The Rumour in the Forest"

"How far," asks James Agate, "should a writer take his readers into his confidence? Shall I 'lose face' if I confess that the *Ego* books are not the careless jottings of idle half-hours. That I think *Ego*, talk *Ego*, dream *Ego*? That I get up in the middle of the night to make a correction? That before the MS. of any of my *Egos* reaches the publisher it has been through at least a dozen revisions? That it is only when the galley proofs arrive that the real work begins? I suppose that when I had finished with the galley of *Ego 7* it would have been difficult to find fifty unaltered sentences. . . ."

The dots with which I have faded out this quotation are, need I tell you, mine: they are indeed of a fuzziness foreign to Mr. Agate—they are to denote, simply, that I give no more than the opening lines of a passage. The passage bears the date, April 21st, 1945: that being the year covered by *Ego 8* (Harrap; 15s.). A reader who could react badly to the above confidence would be, surely, a fool?

Further, I should doubt whether, to anyone of any discrimination, Mr. Agate's statement would come as a surprise. For, have not the *Egos* by now established their own, unique and absolute character? And is not this very

character one of high concentration, consistency and, above all, continuity? Nothing ever read less like a "careless jotting" than the very briefest entry in any *Ego*. The apparent inconsequence is an affair of art.

In fact, it is worth learning from Mr. Agate (much, indeed, is worth learning from Mr. Agate) that one cannot do anything on one's head. Nothing, that is to say, that is worth doing; and if a thing is not worth doing, why do it? He is our first debunker of the fine careless rapture. His juvenile correspondents, irrepressible as they appear to be, have taken some hard knocks from him on this score. He himself does not know what it means to "throw off" a piece of work: is it likely he would have thrown off *Ego*? *Ego* is not a self-portrait, a diary or book of confessions. It might, I suppose, be defined as impressions continuously reflected upon? The original spontaneity is so strong as to stand up to the process of second thought.

\* \* \*

It seems foolish to attempt to compare one volume of *Ego* with another. This book (for, after all, it is one long, continuous book) is progressive: it seems to me that each volume holds rather more—qualitatively, not quantitatively, speaking—than the last. Or, to put it another way, mines down deeper. I should like, one day, to read the *Egos* backwards, from 8 to 1, and see if this really is so. For it may, of course, be simply that with each volume and year the reader wastes less time being intimidated or stampeded by Mr. Agate, calms down, breathes evenly, and so can take in more fruitfully what he has got to say.

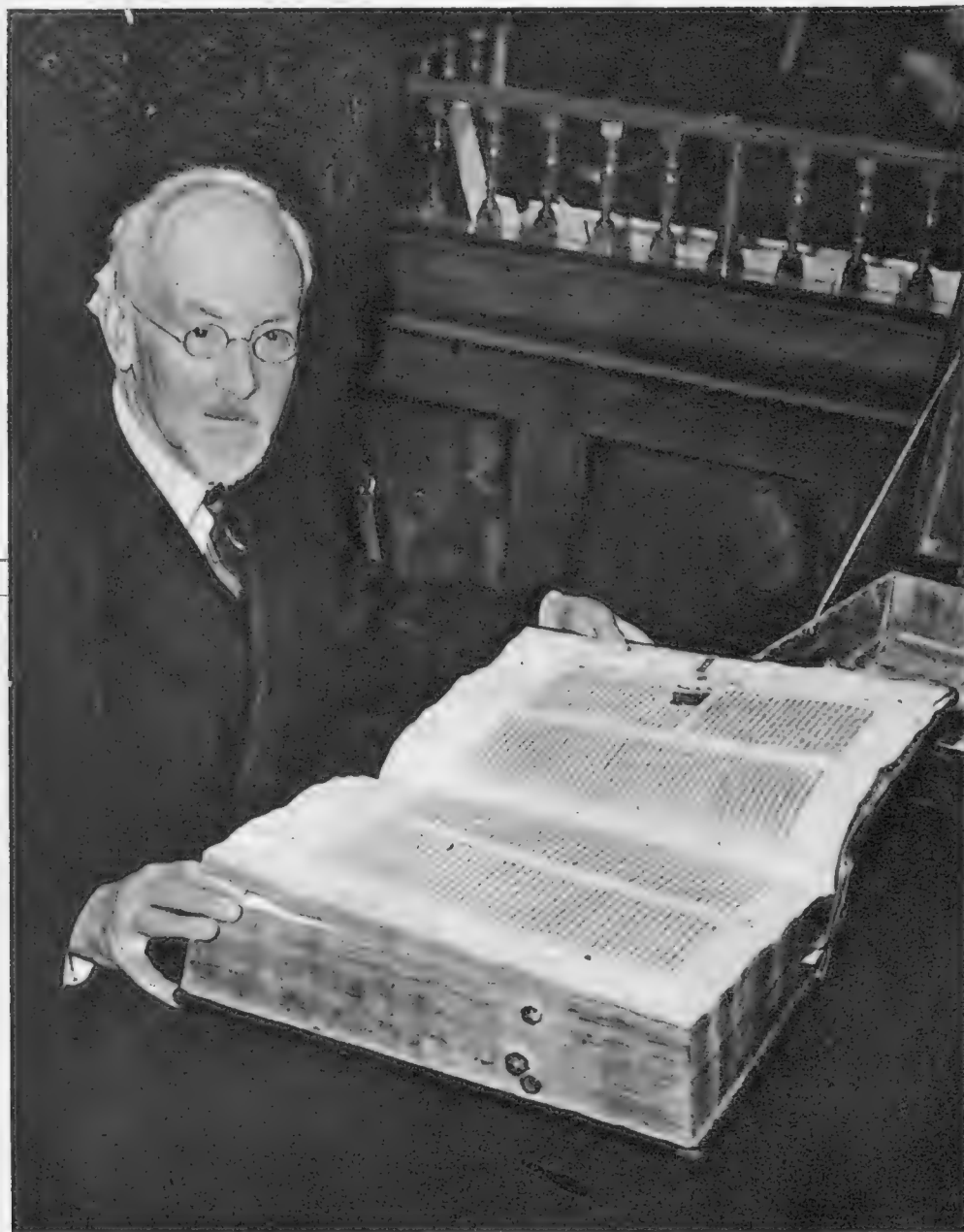
This time, on January 1st, 1945, he records his "one and only New Year resolution: to cultivate equanimity." The effect of this excellent resolution on the pungency, punch and vigour of *Ego 8* is not, I am thankful to say, marked. Does he, though, induce equanimity rather more? "To equanimity and equableness," he continues, "I am resolved to add whatever may be the opposite of umbrage."

The non-provoking of umbrage is not within the terms of Mr. Agate's agreement with himself. For instance, J. B. Priestley and Clifford Bax are both, in their series of letters in *Ego 8*, forced to show signs of self-control. Both entered the lists willingly and promptly. Lesser correspondents, from time to time, make me think of that long-ago, excellent *Punch* drawing of a squirrel at play with the tail of a sleeping leopard. Does, I ask myself, the existence of *Ego*, and the possibility of figuring in its pages, encourage epistolary exhibitionism in the young? Distance perhaps gives confidence: I do marvel more at the corduroy-trousered interlocutors of the Café Royal. Persistent . . . ?

At a request lecture, the "collection of earnest female school-teachers" must have sat up—

The difficulty, my dear young ladies, is that I am the last person who ought to be addressing you to-night.

. . . I have a very limited belief in education. I hold that the indiscriminate use of it does more harm than good. I believe that when Wilde wrote, "Ignorance is like a delicate exotic fruit—touch it, and the bloom is gone," he intended something more than a mere witticism. In my view, nine-tenths of, I won't say, the human race, but London children, are the worse for education. And for the reason that the education they are given is the wrong sort. So far as I can see, modern education leads the child out of the darkness of healthy ignorance into the denser night of soul-destroying



The Gutenberg 42-line Bible recently bought by Mr. Ernest Maggs, of Berkeley Square, for a client, for £22,000, being examined by him. Printed in Latin and with illuminated initials, the Bible was not finished until 1456, when Gutenberg was fifty-eight. The amazingly good state of preservation of this copy after 500 years can be clearly described

commonness. I do not believe that instruction in my time has had any effect except to increase the number of ways in which the young can be common.

... And now I am going to leave this question of education, merely remarking that if I had my will, young girls would be taught nothing but cooking, sewing and how to keep a house clean, and young boys no more than the trades by which they ultimately hope to support the young girls. This as to nineteen-twentieths of the youthful population. It would be left to the teachers to pick out the odd 5 per cent. who can be educated. For, note this. Before you can educate a mind you must have a mind to educate. It is a part of democratic cant to pretend that Nature has been fair and equitable in her distribution of mind. She has not; she has been infinitely capricious. Nineteen-twentieths of the population of this country has no more mind—I am not talking of soul—than a lamp-post.

You could call this naughty; but how it lets in air! Mr. Agate does not grow more patient; but why should he?—fatuities are not on the decrease. If it is in his impatience that he is most amusing, it is outside the sphere of them that he is most solid. His judgments of art have the dispassionateness of authority; the critical laws he lays down demand respect. They are laws for himself; and he offers them for what they are worth to him. Intolerant, if you like, and when he likes, intolerable, I don't think Mr. Agate ever shows a crack in his sound sense.

Ego 8, covering 1945, has for matter of content a crowded year—the final battles, victory, the General Election and its results. Incidentally, I think Mr. Agate should stand out as the prominent man who has talked least nonsense about the atomic bomb. See the stringent entry of August 12th, terminating—"To cut it short, my attitude to the atomic bomb and the hurly-burly it is going to create is entirely Skimpolean! 'I am capable of looking on and of being interested. I do look on, and I am interested. What more can I do?'"

WINIFRED PECK's novels have, up to now, been modern in setting though not modern in spirit—she does not, that is to say, accept at their face value what pass for current ideas. *Through Eastern Windows* (Faber; 9s. 6d.) is an outwardly new departure: it deals with Victorian family life, the story opening in 1871—and the writing, with its alternation between spaciousness and quiet intensity, and with its occasional touches of melodrama is, somehow, in tone with the period. Superficially, *Through Eastern Windows* resembles some of the work of Charlotte M. Yonge, particularly *The Pillars of the House*. But I must make clear that Lady Peck has not given us an ingenious "fake" Victorian novel. Hitherto she has brought to her judgment of the present some of the more abiding values of the past; now, she has directed upon the past the analytical light of our own day.

Briefly, the central character of this novel is a saint—a saint in the unpropitious atmosphere of Victorianism; in which, though morality was *de rigueur* and religious observance inseparable from polite life, there were probably nineteen cases of priggishness for one of genuine spirituality.

Taking Francis Aurian and his family, Lady Peck studies saintliness—in itself, its implications, its effect on lives immediately round it. "Saints and mystics," she says, "are the artists of the spiritual world. . . . No one attempts to account for the inspiration of a Beethoven, a Sophocles or a da Vinci, and these are all of one kin with the mystics of the world. But this, of course, does not make any

## BOWEN ON BOOKS

of these illumined souls easy to live with in everyday life. . . . Francis

Aurian had clearly, as Canon Miston once remarked, wandered into the world too late. It was easy to imagine his keen nose, dreamy smile and abstracted eyes looking out on the world from the hood of a Dominican or Franciscan."

Celibacy, one may take it, for such a nature, would have been for himself and others a simplifying rule. Francis Aurian, however, has already married once, and become the father of seven children: early in *Through Eastern Windows* he is to marry again—his second wife being Marian, youngest daughter of the reprehensible old squire of Chants, in Somerset. Mr. Aurian, a retired missionary bishop, is himself rector of Chants. For the neglected young Aurians, at all stages of growing, and each one exhibiting in a different way the inherited vehemence of their father's temperament, Marian is to prove the ideal stepmother.

That her lot is ideal one cannot say—her understanding love for her husband, her solicitude for his children (whose well-being, she cannot but see, is in danger of being sacrificed) are to be taxed to the last inch. We hear much of the selfishness of the artist; the selflessness of the saint, it is shown here, can have—from the common-sense point of view—a hardly less devastating effect. Francis Aurian not only burns to return himself to the mission field, but is determined that his children shall dedicate themselves to the same cause.

The second marriage brings one domestic change: the rectory being ruinous and unhealthy (owing to the squire's selfish neglect), the Bishop is persuaded to move himself and his family into Chants Manor, Marian's home. The squire, a decayed old Regency buck, has had a stroke and lies impotent upstairs. A sort of domestic chorus is provided by Marian's two married sisters and their husbands. It is a tribute to Bishop Aurian that, impossible in

his views of life—nay, outrageous—as his relations-in-law in principle do find him, no one can fail to respond to him, face to face.

Lady Peck seems to me to have brought off this character completely: in fact, I can think of no other living novelist who could have made the Bishop either so convincing or so sublimely lovable. Humour plays no small part; and the more worldly aspirations of some of the younger Aurians are sympathetically treated. The story moves at a good pace, and there is plenty

of plot. The machinations of wicked little Eurasian Alice (whom the Bishop has insisted upon adopting) sustain an exciting tension up to the end.

"THE RUMOUR IN THE FOREST" (Collins; 7s. 6d.) is an enchanting animal story by Madeleine Couppey, a young French poetess of repute. As in George Orwell's *Animal Farm*, animals (in this case, only four) decide to throw off man's rule, which they find unworthy. Not by rebellion but by flight, from the farm and village into the forest, do Muc the Rabbit, Greyflight the Pigeon, and the cat Siko seek to regain their souls. In the forest, they fall in with Rahu, the great wild dog of heroic ancestry, whose spirit is to dominate the milder newcomers. And yet, is freedom everything? May not service be greater? One by one the animals respond to the lesson of the proud, willing sacrifice of the vines, trees and corn: it is Muc who, by his gentle death, is to set up a turning-point for the others. *The Rumour in the Forest* is, you may guess, an allegory. Beautifully translated into English by Marguerite Waldman, it had a profound effect at least on me.



Mr. and Mrs. Vietor's infant daughter was christened Mielle at Holy Trinity, Brompton, recently. Mrs. Vietor was formerly Miss Mia Macklin, the ice-skating champion



Hugh Morton Lancaster, infant son of Major and Mrs. P. W. M. Lancaster, was christened at St. Martin-in-the-Fields. (Above) Major Lancaster, Col. V. C. Steer-Webster (godfather) and Mrs. Lancaster



Commander and Mrs. Bryan Durant's infant son was christened Francis at the King's Chapel of the Savoy. Cdr. and Mrs. Durant with Francis and their daughter Jane after the ceremony

## CHRISTENINGS



# THEY WERE MARRIED

The "Tatler's" Review



*Sharpe — Bowden*

*Mr. Roland Henry Sharpe, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Sharpe, of 34, Fairacres, Roehampton Lane, S.W.15, married Miss Barbara Bowden, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Bowden, of North Luffenham, Oakham, Rutland, at Holy Trinity, Marylebone*



*Drower — Cunningham*

*Mr. J. D. L. Drower, younger son of Sir Edwin and Lady Drower, of Hurlingham Court, London, S.W.6, married Miss F. A. H. Cunningham, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harley Cunningham, Ruskuville, Douglas, Isle of Man, in London*



*Benson — Plowden*

*Major David Benson, R.H.A., fourth son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. J. I. Benson, of Aston Hall, Salop, married Miss Gabrielle May Plowden, youngest daughter of the late Mr. R. E. and Mrs. Plowden*



*Pearce — Eley*

*Lt.-Col. John Pearce, elder son of Mrs. W. E. Pearce, of East Heath Road, Hampstead, married Miss Ruth Eley, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Eley, of Church Vale, East Finchley, at the Priory Church of St. Bartholomew the Great, West Smithfield*



*Beddall — Parsons*

*Capt. Basil Spencer Beddall, M.C., Royal Engineers, younger son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Bowman Beddall, of Exeter, married Miss Felicity Parsons, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Nigel Montgomerie Parsons, of 33, Camden House Chambers, London, W.8, at Holy Trinity, Brompton*

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**FASHION  
PAGE  
by  
Winifred  
Lewis**

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## The "Tatler's" Register of ENGAGEMENTS



**Miss Barbara Mary Cynthia Crichton**, elder daughter of Col. the Hon. Sir George and Lady Mary Crichton, of Queen's Acre, Windsor, whose engagement was announced recently to Mr. Alastair Malcolm Nicholson, second son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Malcolm Nicholson, of Springhill, Boldre, Lymington



Pearl Freeman

**Miss Elizabeth Mostyn-Owen**, who is to marry Capt. H. W. Freeman-Attwood, is the daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. R. Mostyn-Owen, of Woodhouse, Oswestry, Salop, and Aberuchill Castle, Perthshire. Her fiancé is the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Freeman-Attwood, of the Red House, Green Lane, Cumberley



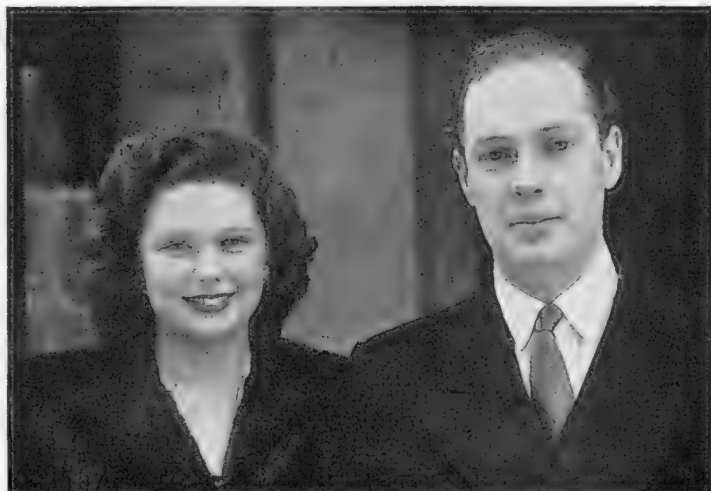
Dorothy Wilding

**Miss Betty Moores**, who is to be married this month to Mr. Kenneth Suenson-Taylor, son of Sir Alfred and Lady Suenson-Taylor, of 54 Prince's Gate, S.W.7, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Moores, of Fairways, Freshfield, Lancashire. The wedding will be at St. Margaret's, Westminster



Navana

**Miss E. L. Cholmondeley**, only daughter of Mr. Henry Cholmondeley of Shotton Hall, Shrewsbury, Salop, whose engagement is announced to Viscount Kilcoursie, only son of the Ven. the Earl of Cavan, of Plex House, Hadnall, Shropshire



**The Hon. Julian Mond and Miss Sonia Elizabeth Graham**, whose engagement was announced recently. He is the only son of Lord Melchett and the Lady Melchett of Colworth House, Sharnbrook, Bedfordshire, and she is the elder daughter of Col. and Mrs. R. H. Graham of 21 Emperor's Gate, S.W.7

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## Oliver Stewarts ON FLYING

THE ethics of subsidization have always eluded me. Our air lines are not only nationalized, they are also subsidized. One day we shall have to decide whether it is right to force thousands of people who will never travel by air to support the air lines by their tax payments.

If the argument is a military one, there is a case for demanding that support. If the defences of the country require air lines to be run all over the world where they cannot be made to pay, well and good. The taxpayer must foot the bill. But apart from the strategic side, it is hard to see why the taxpayer should foot the bill.

I know that if all air lines were required to be self-supporting, there would be many fewer air lines than there are now. But I doubt if that would be a bad thing. For the air lines that did survive would be soundly based on a genuine public need which the users were ready to pay for and to support. No payments towards the support of the lines would be extracted by force.

It seems highly probable that many air lines which now need subsidy could be made self-supporting through the Post Office. On many routes people would be ready to pay a good deal more than they do now to send letters and parcels by air. It is through air mails and air freight, in my view, that we should strive to lift our nationalized air lines out of the appalling financial mess into which they have fallen.

### The Pioneers

It is a pleasing tribute to Wing Commander R. A. C. Brie that he should have been granted No. 1 F.A.I. Helicopter Aviator's Certificate. It was not long ago that the F.A.I. drew up the regulations for the granting of this Certificate and Brie is certainly our most experienced rotary wing pilot.

Other "firsts" are the Aviator's Certificate issued to Mr. J. T. C. Moore-Brabazon (now Lord Brabazon) on March 8, 1910; the first Aeronaut's Certificate to C. F. Pollock on June 14, 1905, the first Airship Pilot's Certificate to J. E. Capper on February 14, 1911 and the first Gliding Certificate to C. H. Lowe-Wilde on March 30, 1930.

In sending me these dates the Royal Aero Club mentioned that there was a "Special Aviator's" Certificate for an out and home cross-country flight of 100 miles in 1911. No. 1 was awarded to S. F. Cody. Only eleven of these Certificates were issued, the last in 1917.

### Motorless Flight

SOME other facts about air achievements came my way the other day; they are the cups and trophies for gliding held at the present moment. There is the de Havilland Cup held by P. A. Wills with 15,247 ft.; the Manio Cup, also held by Wills with 113 miles. Then there are the Wakefield Trophy, the Volk Trophy and the Seager Cup held by Prince Birabongse, H. Kendall and Lt.-Commander J. S. Sproule and Lt. H. Suthers.

So many aviation awards and trophies are now open for competition that I hope somebody will compile a book of them. At the moment little is being done in this field; but there is likely to be a revival of effort next year.

Meanwhile the scope for pioneer flights continually narrows. Is there, I was asked the other day, a single flight which has yet to be made which would give to the pilot the same sort of renown won by Alcock and Brown on their first Atlantic flight?

My answer was that there is. I suggest that the first man to fly outside the earth's gravitational field will win a renown equal to that of Alcock and Brown or even greater.

### Shaking Off "g"

THERE is nothing fantastic or impossible or even improbable about travel outside the earth's gravitational field. It is, in fact, in the direct line of development of the V-2 rocket.

V-2, it will be recalled, did a maximum speed at "all-burnt" of 3,400 miles an hour. The Germans had designs for rockets to do 8,000 miles an hour. And Mr. Perring, our greatest expert on the subject, has calculated that to get outside the earth's gravitational field a speed of 24,000 miles an hour is needed.

It is a large step up from 3,400 miles an hour; but the steps are made more easily directly the vehicle is out near the edge of the earth's atmosphere. At the height V-2 reaches, a speed of 3,000 miles an hour produces an air resistance only equal to that felt by a man walking.

In short, speed is much more readily obtained when once great heights are reached, and in consequence there is no impossibility about a speed of 24,000 miles an hour. A three-stage rocket would be required for this sort of thing.

The only pity about all this is that it is entirely military. All rocket work is now being done in secret or partial secrecy and it is all being directed on military lines. To such a pass has the world come. And it tends to spoil the enormous interest that lies in this form of achievement.

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THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER,  
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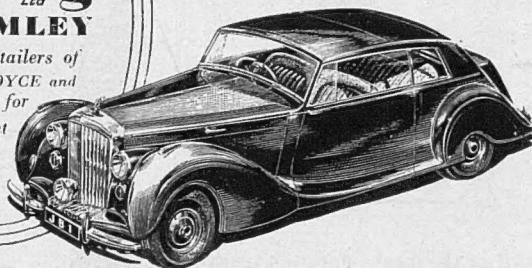
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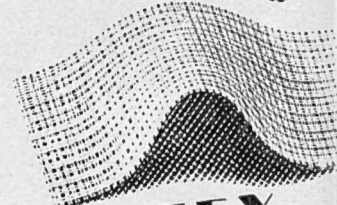
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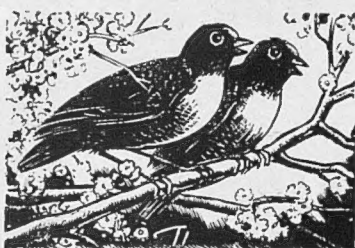


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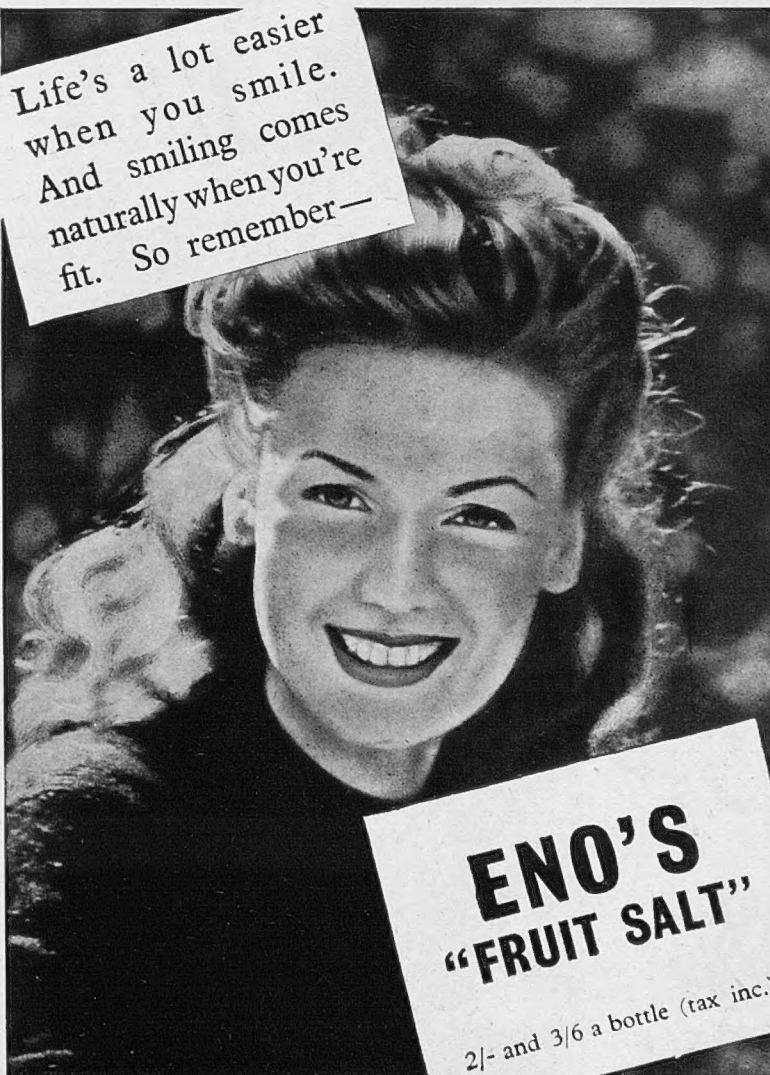
There are thousands in our towns and cities who will have no change at all from "bricks and mortar" this year—unless help comes.

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Life's a lot easier  
when you smile.  
And smiling comes  
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fit. So remember—



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"FRUIT SALT"

2/- and 3/6 a bottle (tax inc.)



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A nicely upholstered seat under you at the proper angle for your back and all the controls handy. These things are worked out in Dagenham — scientifically worked out to reduce fatigue. Add maintenance and repairs and parts at standard fixed prices and there you are — ease in all things! The Prefect (10 h.p.) and the Anglia (8 h.p.) are comfortable cars — both to body and bank account. Please be patient — your dealer will get you delivery as soon as it's humanly possible.

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*Quality  
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*FOR QUICKER SHAVES*



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*more  
and  
more  
people  
are  
saying...*



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